



The MODERN LANGUAGE FORUM

Organ of the Modern Language Association
of Southern California

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AT THE CROSSROADS

THE last four decades have witnessed unparalleled growth and expansion in American secondary education. In 1890 a scant 10 per cent of our youth were enrolled in secondary schools. By 1930 the enrollment had increased to 50 per cent for the country as a whole, and to 75 per cent for California. The expansion of the curriculum was quite as phenomenal, so much so, indeed, that it would now require in excess of fifty years for one individual to complete all the courses offered in the several secondary schools of some of our larger cities. In this respect we are strikingly unique, for few countries attempt to supply secondary education to more than one out of every ten, nor does the curriculum in most cases extend far beyond the basic academic subjects.

Periods of marked growth and expansion in any field are normally followed by periods of critical evaluation and reconstruction. For a decade or more American secondary education has been slowly entering upon this second developmental stage, and we may rest assured that it will find itself increasingly in the throes of critical appraisal and basic reconstruction. Barring the collapse of democracy, there is little likelihood that we shall reduce the proportion of youths enrolled in our secondary schools. On the other hand, far-reaching changes in curriculum content and teaching procedures are inevitable. The chief shortcoming of American secondary education is that it attempts too much and accomplishes too little. Crowded pupil programs terminate in credits and diplomas, but not to a sufficient extent in true learning products—understandings, interests, abilities and skills, integrated and balanced personalities, stable characters, and capacity for self-direction. In this respect we are once more unique, for the secondary school programs of most other countries aim at, and terminate in, a relatively sound general education.

Fortunately, we are well on the way toward laying the foundation for sounder practices. The past decade has witnessed a number of extraordinarily significant investigations within the subject fields of the secondary school curriculum. None of these approxi-

mated in scope and import the two major investigations within the foreign language field—the Classical Investigation, and the Modern Foreign Language Study. The primary purpose of these investigations was to place instruction in foreign languages on a fundamentally sound basis.

The basic recommendations of the two committees which directed these investigations are closely analogous. The specific objective set forth in each case is a more natural approach to the language through the progressive development of the power to read and understand the language. Related general objectives call for a closer correlation of the language studied with other subjects, especially English, and for progressive orientation with reference to the culture of the people whose language is being studied.

To what extent are the recommendations of these committees being incorporated in practice? It is obviously as yet too early to venture a final answer, especially in the case of the modern foreign languages—the General Report of the Classical Investigation appeared in 1924, and the results of the Modern Foreign Language Study were published during the years 1927 to 1931. However, significant trends are clearly in evidence.

The reports of the recent comprehensive National Survey of Secondary Education afford for the time being the most authentic information regarding actual practices and trends in secondary education throughout the country. The report on *Instruction in Foreign Languages*¹ was prepared by Helen M. Eddy, Associate Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Iowa. It is based upon a detailed examination of 207 courses of study issued since 1924 and 263 class visits—82 in Latin or general language, and 181 in modern foreign languages.

The report on Latin reveals, with one exception, a very promising state of affairs. An examination of 80 city and state courses of study showed that the vast majority, nearly 90 per cent, embodied "the recommendations of the Classical Report as to objectives, content, and teaching procedures." Interviews with teachers disclosed favorable attitudes toward the new objectives and the revised content. Observation of classroom teaching, on the other hand, indicated that the majority of teachers found it difficult in practice to abandon the grammar-translation method. Further in-

¹U. S. Department of the Interior, Office of Education, *Bulletin*, 1932, No. 17, Monograph No. 24.

quiries made it clear that this was not to any extent due to opposition to the direct reading approach as such. The chief deterrent seemed to be the requirements of the College Entrance Examination Board which, although materially liberalized since the appearance of the Classical Report, still called (1931) for "sight translation of Latin," "reproductive knowledge of forms and syntax," and "translation of English into Latin." In a number of centers, however, notably at the University of Chicago High School, the direct reading method was being used with marked success, and there were indications of significant experimentation all along the line. All told, then, the outlook for an early and relatively complete incorporation in practice of the recommendations of the Classical Investigation seems to be rather auspicious.

As indicated above, the reports of the Modern Foreign Language Study have appeared so recently that the teaching profession has scarcely had time to assimilate the recommendations and to register a tested response to them. It is, therefore, as Professor Eddy puts it, "not surprising to find that the general trend in content and teaching procedures revealed by an examination of courses of study and by class visitation is not in accord with the newer proposals of this national investigating body." However, a limited number of courses of study had actually been revised, in part or in whole, in keeping with these proposals. In these there was evidence of close agreement regarding the two general objectives—correlation with English, and cultural orientation. In connection with the basic language objective two trends were in evidence. One group followed the traditional four-fold aim which calls for the concurrent development of reading, writing, speaking, and understanding of the language. The other group followed the new-type aim which calls, during the first two years at least, primarily for the development of (1) the ability to read materials falling within the students' comprehension, (2) the ability to pronounce correctly and to use the language orally within the limits of class materials, and (3) an understanding of such functional grammar as is essential for reading and comprehension. The *Syllabus of Minima in Modern Foreign Languages* for New York City, issued in 1931, is cited as the best example of a relatively complete and consistent new-type course outline.

Observation of classroom teaching and interviews with teachers warranted the conclusion that "the profession at large" had "ostensibly accepted reading as the primary aim of the modern language course," but with little agreement regarding the manner

in which the attainment of this objective should be sought. Content and teaching procedures varied greatly among both the four-fold aim and the new-type groups, the latter being, however, on the whole the more consistent of the two. In actual practice the majority of the four-fold aim group tended to place the emphasis upon an understanding of the spoken language and grammar. The teachers did most of the talking, even to the extent of supplying "the most difficult part of the" pupil "answer, namely the verb form." "Writing" was "practiced to the extent of doing synthetic grammar exercises or translating English into the foreign language." Reading for comprehension of thought was apt to be followed by "several days spent on the same reading material, consisting of a few pages, in an effort to assimilate the vocabulary and grammar for active use." There seemed "to be no thought of differentiation between materials to teach reading and speaking." At their best the new-type teachers were clearly "endeavoring to keep the reading aim uppermost in their minds and to subordinate practice for active command to training for reading facility and ready understanding of the spoken word," but there were rather too many exceptions to the rule for the good of the cause. However, in a number of instances the new-type course was actually being taught with great skill and marked success, and some fifty secondary schools in twenty states were engaged in the experimental elaboration of the course.

Viewed in the light of contemporary practices and trends, the evidence presented above—and it might be extended indefinitely—shows quite unmistakably that modern foreign language instruction is at present very much at the crossroads. Important decisions, involving far-reaching consequences, are clearly impending.

The determining factors in the contemporary scene are: (1) the growing tendency on the part of school officials to appraise all courses in terms of adequate "surrender value" returns—cultural or practical; (2) the fact that the vast majority of students—between 80 and 90 per cent—do not pursue the study of a modern foreign language beyond two years; (3) the fact that the traditional four-fold aim course is too complex to guarantee an adequate "surrender value" at the end of two years; and (4) experimental evidence, however limited, tending to show that the new-type course, when properly elaborated, may guarantee an acceptable "surrender value" at the end of two years, in the sense that the student will by that time be able to read with pleasure and

profit foreign language materials falling within his comprehension.

The implication is obvious. The modern foreign language profession faces two alternatives: (1) It may continue to cast its lot with the four-fold aim course with the consequence—a consequence consummately to be avoided—that 80 to 90 per cent of its students will be directed into other courses, and modern foreign language study will become the prerogative of the few who are disposed to persist four or more years; or (2) it may decide to forsake beaten paths and launch experimentally in true pioneer fashion upon the elaboration of the new-type course with the highly probable consequence of not only retaining its present patronage but of extending it indefinitely in keeping with current trends toward increase in leisure time and the consequent need of an enlarged cultural horizon.

What is the profession going to do about it? The answer is yet to be made. We have strong reason to believe, however, that it will follow the example of the Classical group. Up to the time that the Report of the Classical Investigation appeared, Latin encountered a phenomenal amount of adverse criticism—some of it charlatan, much of it genuine. Today, such criticism has all but disappeared, and Latin is probably the best taught subject in the secondary school curriculum. This change is largely due to the intelligent and determined manner in which the Classical profession faced the emergency.

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HISTORY IN CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LITERATURE

HISTORY as a literary genre has had a chequered career. Drama and Romance have always been with us, and also, in a lesser degree, Chronicles and Memoirs. But History in the full meaning of the term, History in the grand style of Thucydides and Tacitus, disappears for generations and indeed for centuries. Bossuet, for instance, had all the gifts of the historian: but his masterpieces were meant to be controversy, pedagogy, eloquence, not strict historiography. Voltaire was the founder of modern history: but we remember him for *Candide* rather than for *L'Essai sur les Moeurs*.

The vogue of History as literature is really part of the Romantic Movement; it owes more to Chateaubriand and to Walter Scott (without forgetting Ann Radcliffe) than to the Benedictines of St. Maur. But it survived into and through the Age of Realism. It was in the sixties of the last century that History advanced the most arrogant claims. All science was conceived as history: "the study of a subject is the history of that subject." The doctrine of Evolution was but the application of the historical spirit to biology.

The reign of Napoleon III marked the high tide of French historiography. The older generation, Guizot, Thiers, Michelet, Quinet, de Tocqueville, were still active. Duruy started *l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes*; Fustel de Coulanges published his *Cité Antique*. But especially the leaders of thought, who gave the epoch its character, were all historians, or historically-minded. Sainte-Beuve, at the summit of his influence, had long ceased to be purely a literary critic. Taine and Renan were the best representatives of the new age. The first novelist of the time, Flaubert, was as much of an historian in *Madame Bovary* and *L'Education Sentimentale* as in his monumental piece of erudition *Salammbô*. The Parnassian poets, from their Prince, Leconte de Lisle, to the belated Benjamin of the group, Heredia, were historians. Hugo's masterpiece, *La Légende des Siècles*, was a series of apocalyptic but historical visions.

It may be argued that this prestige of History was a survival of Romanticism. Already Renan had expressed some misgivings about "those poor little conjectural sciences," and prophesied that they would be exhausted within fifty years. Renan started as an ecclesiastic and ended as Ecclesiastes: "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher." History, with all its auxiliaries, epigraphy, arche-

ology, philology, had, through an enormous circuit, brought him back to the "Enlightenment" of Béranger and Monsieur Homais. He was tempted to apply to himself what Voltaire had said to Maupertuis:

Vous avez confirmé, dans ces lieux pleins d'ennui,
Ce que Newton savait sans sortir de chez lui.

At the end of the century, History was still admirably represented by such men as Emile Lavissee and Albert Sorel. But it was showing a tendency to disintegrate into a neo-Romantic quest for the picturesque on the one hand (Anatole France, J. K. Huysmans), and strict erudition, monographic and microscopic, on the other.

What is the status, what are the prospects of History in our present Era of Confusion?

Let us, first of all, pay our tribute to the representatives of a world before the flood, one recently dead, Pierre de la Gorce, the other the most youthful of octogenarians, Gabriel Hanotaux.

Pierre de la Gorce is something of an illustrious unknown. He never sought notoriety, and his name never reached the crowd; his election to the French Academy caused mild surprise; and it was only at the very end of his very long life that he was made an Officer of the Legion of Honour. In method and spirit, his *Second Empire* continues Thureau-Dangin's *Monarchie de Juillet*, which in its turn was not radically different from *La Restauration*, by M. de Vaulabelle. Only a few months ago, we still had with us a man whose mind belonged to the far-off and palmy days of good King Louis-Philippe. There are strange fossils in literature: Saint-Simon was one, on the grand scale, a formidable megatherium; Viennet another—a little rodent of the XVIIIth century still nibbling in 1868. Here the word *fossil* must be taken without any touch of irony: rather with the note of admiration which de Cured gave it in his sombre drama. The Catholic *grande bourgeoisie* of de la Gorce, sane, moderate, cultured, truly liberal in its very conservatism, seems impressive and even attractive in these days of recklessness blending with cynicism.

As history, de la Gorce's work is solid; as literature, old-fashioned as it may sound, it affords fascinating reading. Theodore Roosevelt had discovered it and prized it highly. Only last year, at the age of eighty-seven or eight, de la Gorce gave us a last portrait of Napoleon III in a brief volume which is truly a masterpiece: packed with thought and information, and written with more verve, more simplicity, more charm than his *magnum opus*.

His *Religious History of the French Revolution* is invalidated by unremitting partisanship. He had lived through the Second Empire, and although not a Bonapartist, he could sympathize with Napoleon III; but he could not even conceive, when dealing with the Convention, that there might be another side.

Gabriel Hanotaux is now eighty-one. Historian, diplomat, minister of foreign affairs, journalist, he has been, and still is, a man of devouring energy. Perhaps he might be greater if he had not devoured so much. He has directed, as editor, manager, publisher, supersalesman, vast collections like *L'Histoire de la Nation Française*, *l'Histoire des Colonies*, and now a general History of Egypt. He countered Anatole France and Thalamas with a very orthodox and patriotic Joan of Arc. He is the soul of that very praiseworthy and pathetically helpless institution, *le Comité France-Amérique*. He started writing a History of the Great War almost as soon as the first gun was fired. In spite of these all-too-vast and multifarious undertakings, he managed to commence two admirable histories, his *Richelieu*, to which he is at last returning in his evergreen old age, and his *Histoire de la France Contemporaine*. This he had planned to carry down to 1900; but, wisely perhaps, he has not proceeded beyond the death of Gambetta. The best historians are probably those who write, in their late maturity, about the events that impressed them in their youth. Voltaire was twenty-one at the death of Louis XIV; Thiers was eighteen at the time of Waterloo; de la Gorce was twenty-five the year of Sedan, Hanotaux twenty-eight when Gambetta, mysteriously, tragically, had to leave his task half done; and although the best works of these historians are by no means final, they are likely to remain, like Tetraethyl Gasoline, standard and unsurpassed. *Le Siècle de Louis XIV*, *l'Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, *Le Second Empire*, *Les Origines de la Troisième République*, were all composed at that propitious moment, the nascent state of History, when memory is still vivid whilst partisanship has faded.

Perhaps the most striking phenomenon of the last thirty years is the total eclipse of democratic history. The historic impulse springs from a nostalgic love of the past. Sympathy is the first condition of insight. Iconoclastic historians, "debunkers," will always play a subordinate part. Even Voltaire, the arch-scoffer, is remembered in historical literature for what he admired rather than for what he derided.

History—a part, we must repeat, of the Romantic movement—

had become democratic and humanitarian, like Romanticism itself, in the eighteen-forties: it was the time of Michelet, Quinet, Lamartine, Louis Blanc. The reaction set in, obscurely with Mortimer-Ternaux, and, with a strange passionate splendor, in Taine's violent attack on the Revolutionary spirit, *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*. At present, among the leading historians—I do not mean the strict professionals, the scholars who work exclusively for scholars, but those who count in literature, those who reach the educated general public—there is hardly any one who is not, in spirit and method, the disciple of Taine. Louis Madelin's famous *Révolution* is Taine improved in scholarship, and slightly toned down. Pierre Gaxotte is, if anything, more virulent than the Master. The Royalists of the *Action Française*, the friends and disciples of Charles Maurras, Dimier, Jacques Bainville, have been highly successful as historians. And Louis Bertrand, in his sensational *Louis XIV*, has been working in the same direction.

On the other side, nothing. Ernest Lavisse, at the same time a great scholar, an excellent writer, and a determined Republican, has left no heir. His pupils may win promotion in the University and the esteem of their peers, but they do not count in French literature. Jean Jaurès might have been a great historian, and he got together a notable team for his *Histoire Socialiste*. But the undertaking was premature: there was too great a discrepancy between the mass of unorganized material that Jaurès used, and the loose grandiloquence of his style. It so happened that the three leading democratic historians, Charles Seignobos, A. Aulard and Albert Mathiez, were all indifferent stylists.

Conservative history has incomparable advantages. It is not good for a nation to be ashamed of her past; it is foolish to carry the spiteful spirit of contemporary politics into vanished ages. That is why we believe that Dimier's crusade against those "prejudices hostile to France's History" was a useful move; and we welcome such a book as Gaxotte's *Louis XV*, a paradoxical apology, not merely of that brilliant epoch, but of the Well-Beloved himself.

On the other hand, it might be time to realize that the Revolution also has become history, and that it is entitled to as much sympathy as the Restoration; that, if it would be absurd to defame Marie-Antoinette in order to spite the Duc de Guise, it is hardly less ridiculous to castigate Monsieur Daladier in the person of Maximilien Robespierre.

The reactionary historians could well afford to be dispassionate: on the whole, they have won their case. The majority of educated French people now believe that the Revolution was a catastrophe. It retarded the growth of the very principles which it proclaimed. As a result, Europe was less intelligent, less liberal, more narrowly nationalistic in 1850 than in 1750. But, if the Revolution was an evil, it can still be maintained that those responsible for the upheaval were the standpatters, not the reformers. In Gaxotte's *Louis XV*, the sinister character in the drama is the Parliament of Paris, which thwarted intelligent action, not the Encyclopedist group, which urged moderate and sensible changes. The historical spirit consists in realizing that the stream of human events is continuous; but in realizing also that it is a stream, not a pool.

Independent from both parties stands the freest and most profound thinker among contemporary poets, Paul Valéry. He denies the validity, the usefulness, and indeed the interest of history altogether; and André Lebey felt obliged to maintain, against such a prestigious iconoclast, "*la Nécessité de l'Histoire*." It is odd that the subtle and even cryptic author of *La Jeune Parque* should be in such perfect agreement with Henry Ford. Only Ford expressed himself more tersely: "History is bunk." At any rate, I am perfectly willing to admit that history is useless. As William Bennett Munro put it: "We can teach History, but History cannot teach us." I agree further that History can never be quite certain: it is the shimmering projection of our prejudices upon the screen of the past. But, if History is doubtful science, and misleading politics, it may be fascinating literature. I for one should gladly give a truckload of books like *Anthony Adverse* for Bainville's *Napoléon*.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

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A NEW APPROACH TO GERMAN-AMERICAN LITERARY RELATIONS

DURING the past thirty years excellent work has been done by English-speaking Germanists in the field of German-American and German-English literary relations. From among the wealth of helpful studies which have appeared we would here call attention only to the Wisconsin dissertations of Goodnight and Haertel on German literature as discussed in American magazines,¹ to the Wisconsin studies of Simmons and Hinz on Goethe's lyrics in American renderings,² to the monumental bibliography, by Morgan, of German literature in English translation (soon to appear in a second revised edition), and finally to Price's *Reception of English Literature in Germany*, as well as Stockley's *German Literature as Known in England, 1750-1830*, and Hatfield's recent book on Longfellow.³

These painstaking investigations have served several valuable purposes. They have helped to show that the German influence upon English and American thought and literature has been at least more than negligible, although, conversely, the influence of English upon German literature has proved much greater and more profound; that despite vast differences in ideals and points of view, some leading ideas of the one nation were always bound to infiltrate and become part and parcel of the ideology of the other, in however imperceptible and modified a form; but also that certain movements and phenomena, which at home proved decidedly subordinate and even inferior, often assumed magnified, undue importance when transplanted to the other.

German romanticism, to quote but one illustration, undoubtedly

¹Scott H. Goodnight, *German Literature in American Magazines prior to 1846*. *Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin*, No. 188; *Philology and Literature Series*, Vol. 4, No. 1, Madison, 1907. Martin H. Haertel, *German Literature in American Magazines, 1846 to 1880*. *Ibid.*, No. 263, Vol. 4, No. 2, Madison, 1908.

²Lucretia Van T. Simmons, *Goethe's Lyric Poems in English Translation prior to 1860*. *University of Wisconsin Studies in Language and Literature*, No. 6, Madison, 1919. Stella M. Hinz, *Goethe's Lyric Poems in English Translation after 1860*. *Ibid.*, No. 26, Madison, 1928.

³Lawrence M. Price, *The Reception of English Literature in Germany*. Berkeley, Cal., 1932. V. Stockley, *German Literature as Known in England, 1750-1830*, London, 1929. James T. Hatfield, *New Light on Longfellow, with special reference to his relations to Germany*. Boston and New York, 1933.

left its imprint upon American literature.⁴ But the Romantic Revolution in America was different from the European romanticisms. Our romanticism was vaguer. America was romantic in its general idealizing, adorning, poetizing impulse, which strives to transcend the limits of humdrum existence and which adventures in a new, unheard-of world. Only some of the German romantic moods took root in America, chiefly those compatible with Puritanism. The American brand of romanticism was eclectic, borrowing here from the philosophy of the French Revolution, here from the social-political liberalism of England, here from German idealistic philosophy. Thus, under the influence of Coleridge and Carlyle, we find German metaphysics side by side with the social utopianism of France. A cult of enthusiasm, a new experience of Infinity in nature and art, and a novel romantic view of music came undoubtedly from Germany.

The leading ideas of German romanticism scarcely scratched the surface in America. The German analysis of feeling in the contemplation of art and in the comprehension of religion hardly found an echo in moralizing, Puritanic America. American religion shows little of a romantic hue. Nor are the idea of the *harmonischer Mensch* and the all-important *Organismusgedanke* assigned anything approaching their proper place in the scheme of romanticism, although they are faintly suggested and echoed in Emerson and Lowell.

To be sure, a romantic mythology came from Germany. This helped to make Fouqué far more popular than Novalis, and explains why Jean Paul, whose aphorisms were, in all earnestness, interpreted as embodying a philosophical system, commanded more attention than Friedrich Schlegel. The same eclecticism explains the American interest in the German romantic *Nachtseite der Seele* (in Poe's or Brown's tales), blending with the influence of the English Gothic tale.

On the whole, the German romantic *Lied* and German music in general proved of more importance than any German ideas or ideals.

The above paragraphs represent but a feeble attempt to sug-

⁴Paul Elmer More, *The Drift of Romanticism*. Shelburne Essays, 8th series. Boston and New York, 1913. Irving Babbitt, *Rousseau and Romanticism*, Boston and New York, 1919. Vernon L. Parrington, *Main Currents in American Thought; an Interpretation of American Literature from the Beginnings to 1920*. 3 vols., New York, 1927-1930 (Vol. 2: *The Romantic Revolution in America, 1800-1860*).

gest in a few words the upshot of, and the philosophy behind, German-American literary relations extending over a period of several decades. And this brings us to the point of the present article. Has the critical literature of the subject, as a whole, gone sufficiently into this phase, which seems decidedly to touch the heart of the matter? Have we not thus far had to content ourselves with bibliographical data, which are nothing more than the raw materials upon which a real history of German-American literary relations is to be built? Does such a history, in its final analysis, consist of a catalog of authors, of the works translated and discussed, or even of a discussion of such discussion?

It is illuminating, to be sure, to ascertain that between 1820 and 1850 Goethe, Fouqué, Schiller, Christoph von Schmid (an obscure juvenile writer) and Tieck were the most popular German authors in America. Morgan points out this interesting fact in his work. Would it not be more illuminating, however, to determine the *reasons* for their American popularity and, at the same time, the reasons why poets like Kleist, Grillparzer, Hebbel, Keller and Conrad Ferdinand Meyer have remained unknown quantities in America down to the present day, even among the intelligentsia? To the writer this seems emphatically to be the case.

How can this best be done? How can we achieve the necessary synthesis? How can we best wipe, or keep off, the dust from such studies as Goodnight, Haertel and Price by taking them out of the artificial light of the library stacks into the deserved sunlight, not only of fruitful scholarship, but also of practical life?

We can do this most effectively, it seems to the writer, by attempting to apply the wealth of facts which they and their co-workers have unearthed, and to incorporate them into the living body of the history of American culture (*Geistesgeschichte*). What was it, for example, that insured the writings of Christoph von Schmid their American popularity? How did his ideas fit in with the then prevalent line of American thought? To which class or stratum of the population did they appeal particularly, and why? Was the initial impulse given by some enterprising publisher or translator? If so, from what motives? How and to what extent did the nucleus of American readers to whom Schmid first appealed succeed in inoculating other classes with their taste?

What we suggest, in effect, is a thorough and profound utilization and elaboration of a storehouse of facts which in its present

form is often nothing more than an antiquarian storehouse. This suggestion is not as utopian as it may seem. The technique of such a procedure has been worked out in some detail by Professor Levin L. Schücking of Leipzig in his suggestive little book on the sociology of literary taste.⁵ Here Schücking proves beyond a doubt that those critics who attribute the success of any given author or literary type (be it at home or abroad) to the prevailing *Zeitgeist* are merely begging the question; that many important factors, too long neglected, must be taken into account; and that every movement in literature has an original "Geschmacksträgertypus," or definite class or type of readers or audience, who act as carriers and transmitters of the taste prerequisite for an appreciation of the given genre.

It will now be a fascinating undertaking for the disciples of Schücking to work out and define the various types, not only for the different forms of literature (in German literature, for instance, the popular epic, court epic, minnesong, Shrovetide play), and for individual authors, but also for alien forms and writers, and to show to what extent and how the taste in question was transmitted to other classes.

On page 40 of his work Schücking applies the suggested method to German Naturalism and thus gives us a clear indication of the practical method of research which he calls for. His words apply so well, *mutatis mutandis*, to our own problem that we quote them at length:

This movement, argues Schücking, ought not always to be revealed to us only in its writings and in disjointed vital statistics, but rather as a sociological 'wave of taste.' That is, we should have to know which newspapers and periodicals went over to the new movement, whether the political and sectarian trend played a part therein, how the capital (sc. in early America Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati) and the province, East and West, South and North were distinguished, and what the comic journals (sc. *Puck*, for instance) had to say. The views of the individual groups and professions would have to be investigated, especially the views of such groups as the clergy and the teaching profession, for whose official activity an attitude toward the cultural questions of the day is a matter of concern. The sales statistics of books would have to be examined, and the size of the editions of the older forms of literature which are being attacked, and of the newer type which is being introduced, would have to be determined. The attitude of the lending libraries would also have to be ascertained, and we should have to know to what extent the book circles among the educated class were influenced; also which new circles were won over by the new

⁵Levin L. Schücking, *Die Soziologie der literarischen Geschmacksbildung*, zweite erweiterte Auflage, Leipzig and Berlin, 1931.

type and which old ones were repelled and eclipsed. Finally it would be necessary to collect data concerning the corresponding influence on reading groups and upon conversation dealing with literary matters.

There was a time when university professors in charge of directing the researches of young graduate students used to scratch their heads when the question of available problems for doctoral theses and the like came up. With the suggestions of Schücking, not to mention Gundolf, Korff, Cysarz and Nadler, at their disposal, a field which appeared to be turning barren is revealed as harboring a treasure of fertility. We have been too content merely to scrape its surface and to prepare tools for its cultivation.

Indeed, it is permissible to go even farther and to say that the materials for really interesting studies of wide appeal and significance are awaiting our attack. What a wealth of intriguing sidelights might a study of even such a third-rate writer as Christoph von Schmid then shed upon the history of American thought!

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CERVANTES AND DOSTOYEVSKY

WE do not think that Cervantes dreamed of a kingdom of God on earth by the annihilation of executioners and *cuadrilleros* who took galley slaves off "by force" and not "of their own will," and by "destroying pride in giants and envy in the noble and good of heart." Yet, in spite of his moral, spiritual and material suffering and in spite of the ills that came to him at the hands of man, he did not seek evil in the human heart. On the contrary, he saw the good, the humane even in the lowest creature of society. All his characters are good. His art is human in essence and in form. In Dostoyevsky's art, on the other hand, the cruel, the tragic, the mysterious hold first place even though, as we shall see later, it aspires in essence to the ideal. From whatever angle one approaches Dostoyevsky's art, taking it as an integral expression of soul or subjecting it to dissection, he finds that one of its marked tendencies is to sound the evil in the human heart. And we must give Dostoyevsky credit for his extraordinary perception of evil. He is in truth a strange, an exceptional writer. His world of drunkards, madmen, criminals, egoists, near-Sadists, etc., seems not of flesh and bone; it seems rather the shadows of men, nerves, ideas. Dostoyevsky penetrates to the very depths of the souls of Raskolnikoff, Shatoff, Stavrogin, Dmitry Karamasoff, Rogojin, Prince Valkovsky, etc., and there like a scientist he analyzes the dementia, the voluptuousness, the hideousness, "the nihilism, the metaphysical hysteria of the Russian soul, its peculiar propensity to possession and obsession, its revolutionary spirit, etc."¹

Many readers and critics see in Dostoyevsky a sick artist who portrays the abnormal, the incredible in life; a psychological analyzer of the immoral.² Others affirm that Dostoyevsky sees more than evil in the Russian soul; he sees as well "the infinite power and the mysterious possibilities of those who he believes will create a new cosmos."³ Some feel that Dostoyevsky is a deep Christian who seeks God in man.⁴ Others however doubt his faith in Christianity.⁵

Opinions about Dostoyevsky are varied and contradictory. And

¹N. Berdiaeff, *Mirosozertanie Dostoyevskago*, Prague, 1923, p. 15.

²D. Merejkowsky, *L'âme de Dostoyevsky*, Paris, 1922, p. 73 ff.

³B. P. Vysheslavitzev, *Russkaya Stihiya y Dostoyevskago*, Berlin, 1923, p. 7.

⁴Berdiaeff, *op. cit.*

⁵D. S. Mirsky, *A History of Russian Literature*, New York, 1927, p. 354.

if that "super-conscience," that "tendency toward philosophical reflexion" which, as Dilthey says, each man possesses, should seek to find unity in the visions of Dostoyevsky, it would lead him from contradiction to contradiction. Artists like Cervantes and Dostoyevsky cannot be set within prescribed bounds; they are too great. Nor can they be reduced to a unity. Their art, very different in richness of fantasy and expression, envelops a great mystery. We must confine ourselves to the truth of its facets. To understand the depths of *Don Quijote* is to understand life itself; to understand Dostoyevsky fundamentally is to understand the intrinsic nature of a sick, complex soul. Dostoyevsky is in effect a sick soul; he himself declares it.⁶ He is likewise complex and contradictory, and he goes from one extreme to another. In 1869 he wrote *The Idiot* with its religious foundation. Its chief character is Prince Myshkin, the Idiot, "the solid center of spirit," the one who conquers the force of passion etc.⁷ Then Dostoyevsky passed at once to *The Eternal Husband* (1870), one of his cruelest works, a work in which with his pen he inhumanly scatters salt in the most ulcerated sores, in those of Trusotsky, the deceived husband as well as in those of Velchaninoff and Natalia Vasilyevna. André Gide tries to give a certain explanation of this contrast.⁸ However, if his explanation should in any way justify the contrast, the beauty that there is in Prince Myshkin would disappear.

This same complexity and contradiction may be noted in other aspects of his work. Thus, for example, Dostoyevsky is very Russian, a patriot of Russia; at times he is even excessively patriotic. He loves the Russian people; they are for him the chosen people.⁹ He adores the mujik, Marey, who made the sign of the cross over him as a little boy, saying to him "Don't be afraid, I won't let the wolf get you; may Christ be with you."¹⁰ The poor prisoners of his *Memoirs of the House of Death* are also very close to his heart. He doesn't take from the mujiks' head the laurel with which Turgenev and Tolstoy crowned them, yet, on the other hand, he doesn't fail to disclose the vermin beneath the crown. In *The Idiot* we find, for example, the mujik who killed

⁶F. M. Dostoyevsky, *Letters*, Leningrad, 1928. See letter to Maykoff.

⁷Vysheslavitzev, *op. cit.*, p. 46.

⁸Dostoyevsky, *The Devils*, Leipzig, p. 221 ff.

⁹Dostoyevsky, *The Devils*, Leipzig, p. 221 ff.

¹⁰Dostoyevsky, *Dnevnik Pisatelia*, za 1876 (*Memoirs of a Writer*), Berlin, 1922, p. 75.

his good friend because of his unrestrained desire to possess the friend's watch. There we can see something of what Dostoyevsky finds in the Russian soul. "Some of them don't believe in God at all," says Rogojin when the Prince tells him the story of these two mujiks, "and others believe to the point that they can kill with a prayer on their lips."

Nor is Dostoyevsky's analysis of Shatoff, Stavrogin, Raskolnikoff, Dmitry Karamasoff, etc., cold and passive. His art is based on his own sorrow, on his social inquietude, on his own chaotic experience. In Raskolnikoff, Shatoff, etc., he gives a partial portrayal of himself. Otherwise he would not have treated the nihilist, Shatoff—to take only one example—with affection. See, on the other hand, how he treats Foma Opiskin. Dmitry Karamasoff and Rogojin too are in part Dostoyevsky. All his work is a chaos in which good and evil, beauty and ugliness, harmony and dissonance are savagely mixed.

Aliosha Karamasoff and Prince Myshkin, the Idiot, represent the good and the beautiful in the chaos. The latter, the chief character of *The Idiot*, and one of the most important in all Dostoyevsky's creation, concerns us here. This work is one of the best that Dostoyevsky gave to the world. The Idiot represents Dostoyevsky's highest idea; he is "control of will" in contrast to the satanic passions of the mujik of the watch, of Rogojin, and Dmitry Karamasoff. Prince Myshkin is the light that shines forth in Dostoyevsky's darkness. He appears as a new Christ—a Russian, an orthodox Christ, to be sure.

And this Russian Christ was inspired by Don Quijote in spite of the fact that one critic affirms that Dostoyevsky "in the second period of his production is completely independent and that his power and keenness of intelligence is comparable only to that of Shakespeare, the great spirit of the Renaissance, and that not even the greatest of the great, Goethe, possessed the acuteness and the dialectic profundity of Dostoyevsky."¹¹ Poor Cervantes! In the eyes of that critic he didn't even deserve the honor of being compared to Dostoyevsky.

The Idiot took its inspiration from *Don Quijote*, which in Dostoyevsky's opinion is the greatest creation in the whole world. "I have just compared Count Chambord with Don Quijote," says Dostoyevsky, "and I know no greater eulogy. There is not in the whole world a deeper and a more powerful creation. It is the last

¹¹Berdiaeff, *op. cit.*, p. 30.

and the greatest expression of human thought; it is the bitterest irony that man could conceive; if the world should come to an end in any part, and the people there should be asked: 'What have you learned from life and what conclusion have you drawn from it?' man could silently hand over *Don Quijote*: 'This is my conclusion. And . . . can you condemn me for it?' I do not affirm," Dostoyevsky continues, "that man would be right in saying that, but . . ."¹²

It is not controvertible that in Myshkin, as in other characters, the independence of Dostoyevsky's genius is expressed, but the influence of Cervantes on Dostoyevsky in the aforementioned work is indisputable.

Prince Myshkin has inherited the spirit, the illusion and the inner faith of Don Quijote, "that poor knight" whom Aglaia "did not understand at first and at whom she laughed, but whom she afterwards loved and respected for his valorous deeds." After reading the "quite absurd" letter from Myshkin, Aglaia put it into a "big book." Only after a week had passed did she realize that the book was *Don Quijote de la Mancha*. "She burst out laughing without knowing why." In her laughter there is a clear and significant comparison between Don Quijote and Myshkin. The young woman subsequently fell in love with Prince Myshkin. She was really proud and happy to find in him the qualities of "the poor knight, that image of pure beauty who was capable of keeping an ideal, of believing in it and of giving his whole life for it, a thing which does not always occur in our age." She was glad to see that it didn't matter to the knight "who his lady was or what she did. It was enough that he had chosen her and he believed in her pure beauty and that he afterwards bowed forever before her; the merit consists in the fact that even though the lady should turn thief, he must believe in her and enter the lists in defense of her pure beauty. The poet," Dostoyevsky continues through the mouth of Aglaia, "wanted, it seems, to unite in an extraordinary image of some noble and pure knight the whole immense conception of the knightly, platonic love of the Middle Ages; clearly all this is an ideal."

The reader may think that by "the poor knight" Aglaia may be referring to "the poor knight" in the short poem of Pushkin, entitled *In the World there lived a Poor Knight*. Dostoyevsky himself obviates any such conclusion by explaining that "the poor

¹²Dostoyevsky, *Dnevnik Pisatelja*, za 1876, Berlin, 1922, p. 148.

knight" of Pushkin is Don Quijote himself, "but serious and not comic."

Don Quijote was, in spite of their difference in age, the prototype of the Idiot, Myshkin. Dostoyevsky adopts several of the features of "the meagre visage" of the knight of La Mancha. The Russian author takes *son bien* for the Idiot from the transcendental in Cervantes' ideology; he imitates, too, to a certain point the form and the method of Cervantes' art.

Dostoyevsky brings his hero from Switzerland where he had passed almost his entire youth for the sake of his health. "He knows his fatherland only from the many books which he has read about it, books perhaps marvelous, but pernicious to him," as pernicious as the books of chivalry were for Don Quijote. "Through reading books a longing for his country is awakened in the Idiot and he betakes himself to Russia, as to an unknown, but inhabited country." The Idiot's madness does not reach such a point that he arms himself as a knight like Don Quijote. But Dostoyevsky, in order to make his appearance absurd, dresses him in a costume, with cape and footwear, typical of the mountaineers of Switzerland but ridiculous in Russia, and puts a bundle under his arm. The effect is droll; *vsio ne po russky* (nothing in his appearance is Russian). The first "to laugh to their heart's content" at that costume and that bundle are Rogojin and Lebedev. However, in spite of his laughter, after talking with the Idiot, Rogojin can't help saying, "Prince, I like you and I don't know why." The same thing happens to all those whom the Prince encounters, the general's lackey, the general himself, his wife and daughters, etc. People laugh at him as they laugh at Don Quijote, but they all love him as they love Don Quijote.

The Idiot, "full of mental convictions, which his extraordinary integrity makes him consider true, natural and immediate, reaches Russia with the impetus to activity. The very day of his arrival he is told the sad story of an offended woman; the story is told to him, that is, to a knight who throws himself into the arms of activity, and runs to defend the woman, and on that same day he is bewitched by her fantastic and devilish beauty."

As we see, Myshkin is, like Don Quijote, a *desfacedor de agravios*. Moreover, he is, like Don Quijote, unconscious of danger. He hurries to the house of Nastasia Filipovna (the woman in question) "without stopping to consider the danger of not being received or of being ridiculed." He also possesses the virtue of seeing things with the eyes of Don Quijote for whom "inns

were castles and prostitutes great ladies." Although Nastasia Filipovna is for everyone else a woman who lives from her beauty, for Myshkin she is a woman ideally pure.

But Myshkin loves two women; he also loves Aglaia. This is in complete antithesis to the ideas of a knight-errant like Don Quijote, who, holding Maritornes in his arms, says to her: "If the fidelity which I have vowed to peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the only lady of my secret thoughts, if this did not prevent, I should not be so foolish a knight as to let pass the happy occasion which your great kindness has given me."

That double love, however, quite common in Dostoyevsky's novels, is of no consequence to our argument. What is important for us is the fact that Dostoyevsky has taken the Idiot's love from the "platonic love" of Don Quijote. In the Idiot's love we do not note even a fugitive thought of possessing his two ladies, just as we do not see it in Don Quijote's love for Dulcinea. In the love of both these characters there is not the slightest touch of sensuality.

Myshkin reaches his country and immediately wants to reform it, just as Don Quijote wanted to reform the world. "We need another kind of life," says the Idiot. "We must change our thoughts and ideals, and we must do it quickly." His dream of regenerating Russia is as heroic as that of Don Quijote. Although Myshkin is unaware of danger, he is not valiant, heroic, fearless like Don Quijote, who wants to effect reform by strength of arm. Myshkin is gentle, timid, reserved, and never do we hear him shout like Don Quijote "I am equal to a hundred." But the inviolable inner faith and love of justice which comes to him from Don Quijote makes him as heroic as the Spanish knight. Let's look at him at a function of the high society of Russia where he bursts into an attack on the Russian excess of passion: "If we become Catholics, we must become Jesuits of the most clandestine type; if we become atheists, we must begin by demanding eradication of all faith in God by force, that is, by the sword."

Myshkin, who becomes excited, speaks rapidly, turns pale and gasps for breath before that cold society whose life he does not live, is as comical as Don Quijote facing the windmills. That *Sancho-Panzasque* society looks upon him contemptuously; they laugh in his face. "Prince N. takes out his lorgnette and stares at him. The trivial German poet smiles a sinister smile." They say to the Prince, "You are inflamed, perhaps because of your isolation. Calm yourself and you will see that everything is simpler

than you think." But the Idiot disregards their mockery. "The one who does not feel the earth beneath his feet does not have God," he continues in his agitated and eloquent manner. "Let the Russian have a Russian world. Show him in the future the renovation and the resurrection of all things human, perhaps only through Russian thought, through the Russian God and Christ, and you will see what a strong and veracious giant, wise and gentle, will rise before the astonished world; astonished and frightened because they expect of us only the sword, the sword and violence; judging by themselves they can not imagine us without barbarity."

The Idiot is grandiose, eloquent, tragic in his "heated speech." He enchants us standing before that society, just as Don Quijote fascinates us as he stands before the windmills.

We should like to cite here many more passages from *The Idiot* which are clear imitation from *Don Quijote* (e. g. where the Idiot eloquently expounds to the general's lackey his ideas on the death penalty; the slap that he received from Gania, etc.). We should like also to point out the various differences in the wealth of Cervantes' and Dostoyevsky's fantasy. But lack of space compels us to limit ourselves to the statement that Dostoyevsky, seeking an outlet for the unrestrained chords of the Russian soul, followed Cervantes in his struggle against chivalry, against social injustice, etc. And he has made an artistic creature who in his way is great and original as Don Quijote is great and original in his. Dostoyevsky, however, has not impressed upon the Idiot the universal seal that Don Quijote bears. What the Idiot does bear within himself of the eternal of Don Quijote is purity and inner faith, thanks to which he lives according to his truth, as did Don Quijote. We love them both, not because they amuse us, but because they touch our hearts. Both were defeated by the Sancho Panzists: Don Quijote did not regenerate the world, nor did Myshkin cure the dementia of the Russian soul. Perhaps they failed because they were only truth, only purity. That truth and purity may have verisimilitude, it is necessary to mix with them something of the false.

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JULES ROMAINS: THE ART OF THE NOVEL

AS the title and the preface of the novel — *Les hommes de bonne volonté*¹ (*Men of Good Will*)—indicate, the author intends to study the society of his time. But he also intends to find, lost in the crowds of a large city, the men of good will.

Jules Romains, in presenting to us Paris of the pre-war era, pictures a wide background on which he describes individual characters, and sketches plots independent one from another. In order to give the reader an impression of the great number, of the unexpected variety of human groups, the author has chosen to present, with a realistic disregard for the rhythm of proportion, destinies of a surprising variety. We are, at first, introduced into the store of a bookbinder, a romantic philistine, in quest of adventure; then appear other men, of different occupations, each in his social environment; a wealthy family in their mansion, before breakfast; at the same time, some wall painters already busy in their workshop. It is morning. Paris is waking up: the sun is coming up in the sky. The fronts of the houses are gleaming. In a laborer's house, a mother is preparing coffee for the household. In a street, a child is strolling. In a distant province town a student is boarding a train for Paris. In their Paris downtown office, some business men are having a conference. All these people, business men, students, laborers, storekeepers, society people, teachers, make up the crowd from which will rise some "men of good will."

Jules Romains is a novelist, but primarily a poet: he is the creator of the poetic school called the "unanimist" school. "Unanimism" is not a doctrine based upon intellectual and abstract reasonings; the base of "unanimism" is, on the contrary, a deeply rooted feeling and sensation. A few years before the war, Jules Romains, then an adolescent, had, one day, a sudden revelation: he was strolling, one afternoon, in a street of Paris; it was an ordinary street, with little stores, strollers, bicycle riders, people reading their papers, merchants, children. Suddenly he felt a deep joy: it was the joy of belonging to a group of men in the street of a city; he clearly felt the harmony existing between the men who were in that landscape of stores and houses. It was the birth of "unanimism," which is not the expression of a gregarious instinct, but of a spiritual harmony of sentiment among men. The "unanimist" feeling gives to Jules Romains a different point of view with

¹Paris, 1932-33, 6 vols.: *Le 6 Octobre*, *Le Crime de Quinette*, *Les amours enfantines*, *Eros de Paris*, *Les Superbes*, *Les Humbles*.

respect to his characters; it is apparent that the aim of the novel is not to describe and analyze an individual separated from others, or in conflict with society, as in the romantic novels: the novel is not centered on one individual. On the other hand, the characters will not be, as they were in the literature of the realist, the mere expression of an environment, of a heredity, of a profession. The characters will appear in full light, but not necessarily isolated from the human groups on which at certain moments of their lives they are dependent. We get acquainted with the bookbinder Quinette, at first, in his store, alone with his dreams; then later we see him mingling with groups of men, in the life of the city. The character, the individual, is studied by "unanimism" from a double point of view: first, looking at his soul, and again at a moment when he is a man among other men.

The title of the first volume of the work is a date of the calendar: *October the sixth*. And the subject of the volume is indeed the evocation of an autumn day before the war. The autumn of the year 1908 had been particularly mild in Paris, and the sixth of October of that season had been remarkable with the clear sky and the tempered freshness of the atmosphere. A joyous light spread over the façades of the buildings; in the street, men and women were going to their work, made happy by the friendliness of nature. The first pages of the work, as a theme of introduction, as the first chords of a symphony, are less descriptive than suggestive and poetical. True, with a scientific precision, the author informs us about the variations of the barometer and of the thermometer, but it is only to make us feel and imagine the atmosphere and physiognomy of the streets of Paris. "On a beautiful morning Paris goes to work." It is not for the novelist to paint a minute description of the environment, of the sidewalks, of the houses, or the faithful enumeration of objects, but to suggest an atmosphere by brief and exact touches. So the first note of the novel evokes a certain temperature; for, what topic of conversation more readily presents itself to men meeting in a street? In the newspapers of the morning of the sixth of October, several headlines attract, in varying degrees, the attention of the groups of men going to their work. The news of an epidemic of cholera at Saint Petersburg causes a feeling of uneasiness in the minds of the readers; there is news from Central Europe of difficulties between Bulgaria and Austria; the papers also relate the brilliant performances of the first aviators, which thrill the young men.

Russian and Turkish stocks are falling; sensational crimes are lacking.

It must have been in one of those streets of Paris, in such an atmosphere, that Jules Romains, then a student at the Sorbonne, was strolling. Reading his morning paper, while going to work on that clear morning, in an atmosphere of joy, and worry, he must have had the revelation of "unanimism." Thus, from the first pages, we imagine the author living in the story.

The principal protagonist of the work is Paris itself, "Paris going to work on a fine morning." The city is not only an architectural mass, a mass of lines, of forms, of colors, but also a live being; Paris is made of houses, of men, of odors, of sensations, of movements. The author presents it in its dynamic character. At first, we see crowds moving in the streets, going to work; we feel the harmony existing between men and things. Then, as the day goes on, the aspect of the people walking in the streets changes in a thousand details. We enter a store, or a laborer's home; then we find ourselves again in the street. Twilight is falling upon the city; then Paris appears to us in its entirety; from the top of the hills of Montmartre, we see the mass of roofs already enveloped in darkness; lights appear at the windows; denser crowds move about in the streets; the stores are crowded. Paris becomes as moving and as animated as in the morning, when it was going to work. But its aspect has changed. Paris is like a huge, stretching body, with veins and arteries, shrunken in its corset of ramparts, overflowing into the suburbs. Paris is an object which assumes many shapes and forms, as it is seen from various angles. It is a dot on a map, as seen by pupils in their study room. It is a point towards which rush innumerable trains, bringing from distant provinces the travellers who are swept through the railroad stations, who will be distributed into the arteries of the city. Little by little, the city is growing calmer, and looking at it from above, we distinguish in it the zones that correspond to the groups of men who live there: we see the zones of wealth, the zones of poverty, the zone of business, the zone of idleness, the zone of work.

In the novel of Jules Romains, the destinies of the individual are no longer the essential problem; they are like separate melodies, depending on the work as a whole, on dominating themes. The main preoccupation of the poet is to portray a living city; so all his characters, the bookbinder, the society woman, the teacher, the wall painters are studied as the inhabitants of a city, on an autumn morning. With their different lives, and secret and par-

ticular thoughts, they share common impressions, when they open their windows under a clear and mild sky; and all together, with the crowds in the streets and in the stores, compose the soul of Paris. Another preoccupation of the poet is to evoke a moment of the life of mankind; in the first parts, we see the lives of the characters unfold under our eyes, in apparent disorder, according to the choice of the novelist. Already we perceive striking contrasts: here in a comfortable boudoir, an actress is asleep, a voluptuous picture; under another roof, a countess is waking up nonchalantly, and chatting with her manicurist. In a different sphere, a housewife is hard at work, preparing breakfast for her family; some wall painters are busy in their workshop; a teacher is addressing his class. Indeed, these pictures are presented in such a manner as to give the impression of an unexpected discovery, of a spectacle of unselected encounters; but, as the action moves forward, certain contrasts impose themselves upon our minds. The characters acquire depth and weight. In the first parts of the novel, each plot and character was separated, but there is a gradual co-ordination. They become human and social types. Human, as we penetrate the secrets of their souls and as they take on a more general meaning; social, as by their occupations and their way of living, they appear as members of one or the other of the two main groups of mankind, the Rich or the Poor. And we are grateful to Jules Romains for not having tried to avoid the essential problem, the problem of earning the daily bread, the existence of wealth and misery. The titles of the last two volumes—*Les Superbes*, *Les Humbles*—show clearly his predominant thought: on the one side we see men and women occupied with important business deals, travels, intricate love affairs; on the other side, monotonous and weary tasks, financial worries, lost jobs, struggles against poverty, charity without reward. However, the novelist does not show any intention of alluding to contemporary preoccupations and problems: he is a poet, wandering through the crowds, searching for the "men of good will," whose souls are incessantly tormented by the problems of their daily life. Thus the characters of the novel acquire, with each new volume, a deeper meaning; they are men lost in the crowd, from which they arise for a short while to live under our eyes, and in which they are lost again. The sixth of October, 1908: a few men in the stream of mankind are carried away together towards the catastrophe of 1914.

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KARL GUTZKOW

(1811-1878)

THE history of kings and dynasties has given way to the history of peoples; the erection of monuments to celebrate and immortalize the feats of princes and generals has given way to the erection of impressive shrines of worship over the grave of an "unknown soldier."

Herein lies epitomized the trend of our social and cultural shifts and changes, and there will be no stopping them. To be sure, we may again have kings and even dictators with powers greater than kings ever had, but there will then be a vastly different concept of kingship and of the purpose of power than could formerly be conceived.

In the field of letters and literature, *Literaturgeschichte wird Geistesgeschichte*, that is to say, the history of individual authors and their works is breaking down its limiting, separating, isolating partitions because we have come to realize that this sort of knowledge does not help us. Only knowledge of whole movements can give us a sense of worth and value as regards some particular; only a sweeping view can enable us to see clearly to whom in the domain of mind and spirit we owe a real debt of gratitude. Since life consists of more than aesthetics we must take into consideration criteria of worth other than abstractions. Man does not live by beauty alone. A singer of songs, a dramatist, a writer of essay or tale has as just a claim to our gratitude and admiration if he, like a soldier in battle, gave of his best and did not count the cost. But the academic literary historians and their lieutenants, the teachers of languages and literatures, since they are wont to lead rather sheltered lives in fear of the blasts and storms without, ordinarily can only perceive purely academic criteria; the actual factors in the creation and establishment of new ideals and ideas are not dreamed of in their philosophy. It is time that we learn to see and to appreciate these factors. It is high time that we begin to become more grateful to those who struggled for us, even though their literary productions may not be without flaws.

Karl Gutzkow is one of these. He was the most courageous and the most earnest writer in the tempestuous and "unsafe" years following 1830. On and off, other men associated themselves with him, such as Wienbarg, Laube, and Mundt, but there never was a definite bond holding the group together.

In the majority of histories of literature this entire group, including Gutzkow, is treated quite superficially because no literary masterpieces issued from their pens. Yet these men, and above all Gutzkow, made themselves a force in the intellectual and cultural life of their contemporaries. They personified the modern spirit by insisting that literature put itself at the service of public life. To their minds, the political and social problems of the day should challenge the best minds and the warmest hearts of each generation, for does it not take greater courage, deeper faith, wider knowledge to enter the mêlée of conflicting views and interests than to flee from it? Indeed it calls for an amount of knowledge and information, coupled with energy, which only unusual minds possess.

Gutzkow's life is an outstanding example of this courage, this energy, the acceptance of this challenge. But it is also an example of the devastating effect which a constant battling with opposing forces of ill will, vested interests, or ordinary human limitations of comprehension will have upon a man even though he possess great physical and intellectual vitality: in the course of his twenty years of battling he developed the fixed idea that he was "persecuted" which brought about a complete nervous breakdown and cast a heavy cloud upon the remainder of his life.

Gutzkow's production is prodigious, and only a part of it is conveniently accessible. Viewing the number of his dramas, novels, essays, articles, and far-flung correspondence one must imagine him constantly at his desk writing, writing, writing. Nothing that concerned his contemporaries, no mooted question, be it in theology, jurisprudence, statesmanship, politics, or economics was foreign to him: he entered every question with deepest interest and always had an intelligent and valuable contribution to make.

We shall choose but a very few cases from the wealth of material at our disposal, some quite unknown, in order to give an idea of Gutzkow's courage, his high ideals, and his intellectual acumen. We begin with two little volumes, printed in 1837 and published anonymously as *Die Zeitgenossen. Aus dem Englischen des E. L. Bulwer*; here he says, vol. I, 68 ff, speaking of "Education":

In short, we, too, want to righten matters, yet not in order to make everything equal, but solely in order to bring about a correct, mathematical proportion between man and things such as God and Nature predicate. Our revolution consists in destroying disorder, establishing harmony and balance in social relationships, in order to procure for every one just the load he either has to or wants to shoulder. We may often have to use revolution as a means, but

we shall never talk ourselves into believing that there ever can be a value *per se* in revolution.

Perhaps I shall be able to state still more clearly what I want to say when I try to show, as far as possible, the goal where our time will have to give way to another time following upon it. We have already begun to form a conception of the century that will follow upon ours. All our concepts point to the assumption that the twentieth century probably will be a period of hyper-culmination, of hyper-industrialisation, a period of absolute mechanisation. If one takes away the marvelous and the magic aspects of such a picture, he will see that the twentieth century probably will be a period where intellect and brains are ruling at the expense of heart and sympathy. I even believe that the lamentable dualism of our present educational system most probably will avenge itself in that distant time in all that concerns our knowledge and our beliefs, our lives, yea our very existence. Take care! If another revolution comes, it will no longer be merely of states, but rather all your thinking and feeling, your whole sense of values, your very existence, your concepts of art and learning will be drawn into the vortex! . . . I speak of the dualism that exists between the methods and content of our present education and the standards and conditions of our actual lives; I speak of the cleavage between that which we are and that which we know; I have in mind the contradiction that exists between our artificial tense idealism and the actual concrete facts of existence about us, the ignoring of which will arouse these facts to revolt and revenge. What we know and the conditions under which we live have not been brought into harmony, and I can foresee the point beyond which this sublimation of our artificial culture may not be continued!

Speaking under the caption "*Die Neue Welt*," in the same volume, Gutzkow looks at the United States and expresses his firm belief in their "mission" to carry the concept of "democracy" to a high point of development, providing the United States attend chiefly to their own affairs and do not imitate Europe. He writes (p. 132) as follows:

But if any one wants to tie up Europe and the United States, he simply does not know Europe. We can never be like the United States because we in Europe are a totality of quite different factors and we have to contend with quite different problems than the sons of Franklin and Washington. The elements out of which our affairs and problems are composed are legion and however hard we work on them to make them simpler, we shall never be able to reduce them to the simplicity of the affairs in the United States.

Gutzkow's chief publicistic activity falls into the years 1841 to 1844; in these years he was heard throughout the lands that are now Germany. He had begun his critical journalistic-publicistic career as early as 1831, but in 1841 he assumed the editorship of the *Telegraph für Deutschland* in Hamburg, which became the vehicle for his trenchant comments, criticisms, and suggestions. In 1843 he began to contribute to the *Kölnische Zeitung* which enjoyed a wider circulation than the *Telegraph* and hence was a

more welcome medium for Gutzkow. These latter contributions lasted until 1848 and cover a great variety of subjects. A fair discussion of these entirely unknown articles would make a book by itself. Likewise unknown are his occasional contributions to the eminently respectable *Monatsblätter zur Ergänzung der Allgemeinen [Augsburger] Zeitung*. Among the latter is most noteworthy the one entitled *Ueber deutsche Publizistik* (March 1845, pp. 98-104).

In these *Monatsblätter* (June 1845, pp. 261-270) is also found the first searching evaluation of Gutzkow, by Levin Schücking; it, too, has been unnoticed and unused so far. The occasion for this comprehensive evaluation was the publication of Gutzkow's *Gesammelte Werke* in 12 volumes (Frankfort a/M, 1845). In this essay Schücking says among much else that is brave and fair: "Yes, one may well say that Karl Gutzkow has developed in these ten years [i.e. since 1835 when the *Bundestag* officially placed the writings of Gutzkow, Heine, *et al.* under the strictest ban for all time to come] by his versatility undeniably into the most significant talent among the living men-of-letters throughout Germany."

From his intense activity in the *Telegraph* we shall cite but two articles. The one is entitled *Der Geist des Tages* (March 1843, No. 50, p. 198) in which he pleads:

. . . A new philosophy has been found but no new religion. We have learned to think new thoughts, but who will teach us to feel? Or do we feel right with our old commonplaces? Are they sufficient, our good old home-made recipes, those old dicta that have been repeated in almanacs for over a hundred years? . . . What we need is a Messiah for our hearts . . . We have a hundred professors of philosophy—had we but one eloquent philosopher in their stead! One who could place the corner stone of an invisible church in our souls!

The second article appeared in Nos. 165 and 166 (October of the same year). Here Gutzkow reviews a book by Bettina von Arnim, entitled *Dies Buch gehört dem König*, and he makes use with delight of this rare opportunity to say what he thinks through her words. It was a rare opportunity indeed, for by some irony of fate this radical book was out of reach of the ever present censor: Bettina had dedicated the book to no other person than the King of Prussia, and he had accepted it. We quote Gutzkow:

. . . The first volume of the *Königsbuch* is devoted to religion, the second to the state. The course of argument in both is most radical. In it, it seems, a spirit fettered for centuries to prejudice, falsehood, and prevarication and held down by a thousand petty considerations of selfishness and intellectual impotence is now rising like a Pegasus out of his yoke and is soaring toward

the sun. Like the rose-fingered Eos Bettina scatters dawn about her. In her brave hands she holds the slabs of a new covenant . . . The second volume is still more incisive and has a still more immediate application. One has called this portion of the book *communistic*. Hear what it says and marvel at this new word *Communism*! If the most ardent and passionate sympathy for your fellowmen is *Communism*, then it is to be hoped that *Communism* may find a great many adherents. This second volume is devoted to the criminals and the indigent. It has already been spread about that Bettina wants to make martyrs out of the criminals and that she prefers thieves to honest people. The latter assertion is childish; the former is true. Many volumes have been written about prisons, prison reforms, prisoners, and penology; also special houses of correction have been built; still, it is incontrovertible that true statecraft, a statecraft filled with the light of our day, should strive to anticipate and to prevent crimes . . . Evidently our quackish ways so far have not been sufficient to cure the ever increasing sores and ailments of our social body.

If we look at Gutzkow's labors as a dramatist we find that he wrote his first play in 1833 and his last one in 1874. Between these two lies the production of about thirty others, some tragedies, some dramas (*Schauspiele*), some comedies. Half a dozen of these plays were decided successes, and his *Uriel Acosta* enjoyed public favor for three quarters of a century and is still a stirring tragedy with its fight for freedom of thought and conscience. But in all of his plays, even in those which did not meet with the approval of the public or the theatre managers, he was an honest worker, intent upon increasing the prestige of contemporary German dramatic production. All the while, in essay and article, he fought for the protection of the dramatist's work against theft or exploitation. It is largely due to his untiring efforts that royalties were finally established and that the flood of wretched translations of frivolous and vicious foreign pieces was checked.

As a novelist his greatest achievement was his novel in nine volumes entitled *Die Ritter vom Geist* (1850-1851). Here Gutzkow endeavored to give a comprehensive picture of all classes of the society of his time, a work which to this day is an important historic document for us. In 1857 he published another ambitious novel, a companion to the *Ritter vom Geist*, called *Der Zauberer von Rom*; in it he gives a picture of the Catholic world of his day.

Descriptions of different journeys to Vienna, Paris, and Italy were published at various times, always giving trenchant information and reflections regarding international cultural aspects and relations. These descriptions together with a number of shorter novels, tales, and autobiographical accounts easily fill another thousand pages.

But it is not the amount that matters. In his case it is above all the spirit of progress which he radiates; it is his passion to have us build a better and fairer world that counts. And we use the case of Karl Gutzkow to protest against a haughty and smug ignoring of much fine enthusiasm and honest effort because work produced under such trying circumstances as was that of Gutzkow, does not in all cases come up to the criteria of academically pure aesthetics. Enthusiasm, vision, and generosity are so precious and rare that we teachers should make the most of them wherever we find them—or we shall be academic obstructions whom civilization must ignore and brush aside if it wants to advance.

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A COURSE ON "DANTE IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION"

TWO years ago I proposed to give, in the University of California, Berkeley, a new course on "The *Divine Comedy* in English Translation." The course was intended for those students who, not knowing Italian and not intending to study it, nevertheless needed or wanted, for cultural or professional purposes, a knowledge of Dante and of his masterpiece. Naturally, students majoring in Italian were excluded, as well as candidates for the doctorate in Romance Languages, who are required to take the Dante course in which the *Divine Comedy* is read in the original. Since such a course should require a certain maturity of mind and at least some familiarity with history, especially the mediaeval, and with other literatures, the students admitted to it are mostly upperclassmen specializing in the humanities and the course is an upper division course. This course has proved successful.

The first problem that I encountered, when I was planning the course (and let me be forgiven if the very subject forces me to be personal), was: What translation of the *Divine Comedy* shall I use? For obviously our main attention should be focussed on Dante's great poem, not on his minor works. Before giving the conclusion that I reached, let me discuss for a moment the question of Dante translations.¹

In my humble opinion there are altogether too many English metrical translations of the *Divine Comedy*. I wish people would stop attempting this task which, being impossible of perfect achievement, will, on the contrary, continue to challenge translators *per saecula saeculorum*. Just now, for instance, I am told that Joseph Auslander is doing it. He is a good poet, no doubt; he did fine work with Petrarch's sonnets, but the *Divine Comedy* is a far more difficult work. I wish Mr. Auslander all conceivable good luck; I still wish neither he nor any other would attempt it again. Let me now tell my reasons.

For a perfect translation, — assuming for the moment that it were possible, at least three qualities seem to me essential, which are, apparently, never found in the same person. He should be a great poet, a scholar and as intimately familiar with Italian as with English. With very great admiration for all who had the really heroic courage to undertake such an immense task, I need

¹For a brief but excellent estimate of recent versions see C. H. Grandgent, *New Renderings of Dante*, in *Italica*, III, 2, May 1926, pp. 21-33.

not enumerate examples to show that these three qualities have never been combined in one translator.

Furthermore, even for a translator who should have these three qualities, there are metrical and linguistic difficulties that are practically insurmountable. First of all, rhyme is so easy in Italian that the *terza rima* offers no difficulties. It has been done countless times, after the *Divine Comedy*, and successfully, so far as the rhyme-scheme is concerned. In English, on the contrary, to find triple rhymes for thousands of lines is extremely difficult. It is for this reason that Professor J. B. Fletcher, whose translation is probably the most beautiful of all, omitted the middle, linking rhyme, reducing the scheme to two rhymes. And the omission is not seriously felt. Of course all translators have created some very beautiful lines. The difficulty is to keep up with Dante's marvelously sustained beauty. Professor Grandgent has been remarkably successful in his translation of brief excerpts (in his *Dante*, etc.).

But the greatest difficulty is perhaps inherent in the different, very different characters of the two languages. Italian is generally polysyllabic; English is as generally monosyllabic. To mention only one proof: the first book I ever read was *Robinson Crusoe* written "in words of one syllable!" One could not possibly write an Italian book in words of one syllable, no, not even a paragraph or a single sentence. Now consider for a moment Dante's lines in terms of syllables, and note the conclusion. Dante's verses are, as everybody knows, hendecasyllabic; the standard English line is decasyllabic, so that, in translation, one syllable is lost. But since so many English words are monosyllabic, it will be found that, so far as literal translation is concerned, the eleven syllables of Dante's lines will be easily translated into seven or eight syllables. To make the necessary ten the translator must all too frequently add a word of two syllables that was not in the original. This is padding, and padding is always fatal to poetry, especially Dante's, which is so very succinct and compact. If anybody should wish to prove this, let him, for example, compare Leigh Hunt's *Francesca* with the original and see for himself what dilution Dante suffered.

And this is not the only trouble. The fact, for instance, that almost all of Dante's rhymes are paroxitonic (one of my students coined a beautiful word and called them paradoxitonic!), while almost all English rhymes are oxitonic, the whole rhythm of line must be totally different in English. One of my friends and col-

leagues in the University of Chicago, a great scholar, once suggested that, on this account, in an English translation of Dante all rhyme-words should be paroxitonic. He did not realize two resultant difficulties: That the translator would all too often have to fall back on present participles, which become soon insufferably monotonous; that such rhymes would soon sound un-English. In short, the greatest of all difficulties for a poet is to imitate Dante's Italian and yet remain thoroughly English.

And here is, finally, another source of trouble. The *Divine Comedy* is full of dialogue, most of which is in the second person singular, *tu*, with very few exceptions when, out of special respect for the person with whom Dante is speaking, he uses the *voi*. Now, although the *tu* is not used today for formal address, it is so natural in intimate address that there is nothing awkward or stilted about it. In English, on the contrary, if one uses the Biblical or Elizabethan *thou*, the result is immediately stilted, and furthermore, the verb forms that go with *thou* are so prickly, sibilant and archaic as to be, to the modern ear, tiresome and cacophonous. We tolerate them in Shakespeare, to be sure, but not in a modern poet. And if, on the other hand, the translator of Dante should decide to use the *you* throughout, he could not, first of all, make the nice distinction that Dante makes between the *tu* and the *voi*, and would give to the whole translation a tone of commonplace familiarity. Although, in these remarks, I express only my personal views, I believe them to be unbiased and correct.

In view of all these difficulties, some of which concern mostly metrical translations, I decided to use Charles Eliot Norton's prose translation (New York, Houghton Mifflin, Revised Edition, 1920).

Now Professor Norton did use the *thee* and *thou* forms, but his prose is remarkably beautiful, free from all the awkwardnesses that are forced on a metrical translator. Indeed his prose is full of very beautiful, accidental metrical lines. There are very few errors in his translation, and those few are due to the fact that modern scholarship has elucidated or corrected several points which, at the time he wrote, were either obscure or differently interpreted. His edition, moreover, has ample explanatory notes. After using this book for two years I am still convinced that it is an excellent means of approach to Dante in English.

Of course to the teacher who knows the original and therefore hears its potent rhythms and rhymes perpetually echoing in his mind, behind and within the prose translation, the latter must

sound all too inadequate to give a genuine impression of the real Dante. In the endeavor of surmounting this shortcoming, I read to my students, quite often, excerpts from Longfellow or Cary, Anderson or Fletcher, and when, in our journey through the *Divine Comedy*, we find one of the many especially lyric or superbly dramatic passages, after making sure that it has been thoroughly understood, I read to the class the original. Even in a class of thirty or forty none of whom knows a word of Italian, the very sound of Dante's uniquely sonorous verse impresses the students. I have never seen it fail.

In such a course it is hardly sufficient merely to read and explain the text and give an idea of its original form. The student needs to do abundant reading, inside and outside reading, so to speak. For "inside" reading I recommend Professor Grandgent's Introductions to each Cantic, and his Arguments at the beginning of each canto. These arguments may well be read to the students in class, especially when the canto contains theological, historical or astronomical questions which, by their very nature or their mediaevalness, are difficult. Mr. Grandgent has an uncanny insight into the needs of the reader and writes with beautifully succinct clarity of exposition.

For outside reading, to be tested not in class but in examinations, I require for each semester about 250 pages, selected for the student. Since Dante is new to him and the bibliography so immense, I have a list mimeographed which is a selection from that excellent selection by Dr. Ernest H. Wilkins: *One Hundred Dante Books*, (New York, Italy America Society, 1921). For the first semester the 250 pages of outside reading include the *Vita Nuova*, preferably in Norton's translation (also because of the excellent Introduction).

In certain cases I should be inclined, so far as Outside Reading is concerned, to give the student complete freedom. If, for instance, an eager student is particularly interested in mediaeval painting, sculpture, architecture, music or history, I see no reason why he should not study Dante's times through such subjects. It may be just as well, however, not to allow such excursions to extend too far, lest the reading lose pertinence. So far as the history of sciences in the Middle Ages is concerned, I call in, to supplement what information I might be able to give, colleagues who are experts. I have found it very profitable, both for my students and myself, to ask one of my colleagues in Astronomy, and another in Geography to give each a lecture on the development of his sci-

ence in Dante's time. This practice might perhaps be further extended except for the fact that to read the whole of the *Divine Comedy*, with ample commentary, easily fills two three-hour-per-week semesters. For to read Dante is to talk of everything under the sun, yes, and above the sun. Indeed the danger is that the teacher may be too often tempted to digress. Personally I am in great favor of digressions, provided they are not irrelevant. Dante himself gives us long and frequent examples of didactic digression. And if digressions are pertinently instructive, they are more than excusable, they are enriching. They are, in such a study as Dante, the very meat of the course; they broaden its scope and connect it with many other aspects of humanity.

Needless to say that I would not consider the discussion of Dante's aesthetic qualities or of his narrative technique as at all digressional, but essential. I personally cannot imagine a course in literature given without aesthetic discussion.

When the teacher has said and done, however, all that he can do, he is bound to feel that, especially in interpreting a translation, much of the arresting splendor of the great Florentine poet has been elusive. But let him not be discouraged, for he has Dante to lean on. He will find that the student who is not totally deprived of literary understanding will be, I was almost going to say in spite of the teacher, deeply impressed. Dante is so powerful that he never fails to "get his man." If he should fail, it is probable that that man is hardly worth getting. More often Dante is likely to affect permanently, both through the heart and the intellect, any student who, even through the medium of English prose, places himself within Dante's almighty reach.

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LITERATURE AND TRAVEL

VERY seldom, on undertaking a journey, do we think of the rich source of pleasures, suggestions and teachings which may be offered to us by the contrast between some aspects of the literature and of the life of the country which we are traversing. The majority of travellers, when they set foot on foreign soil, appear to have left behind them, forgotten, Heaven knows in what obscure corner of their minds, the most intense and lively part of their intellectual equipment, granting, of course, that they possess any; and are accustomed to cast round about them timid and superficial glances, through the more or less thick cobwebs of commonplaces and prejudices. Occasionally it occurs to us, during our visits to Madrid, to explore the humble districts and to try to discover what remains there of the society, so characteristic, so picturesque, so variegated, depicted by Pérez Galdós in many of his novels and dramas, or that which still subsists, beneath changes more or less profound, of the more remote periods, of Mesonero Romanos or of Don Ramón de la Cruz. In passing through Galicia, Santander or Valencia, there rarely comes to our minds what there may be of the essential or transitory in the literary productions of Rosalía de Castro, of Pereda or of Blasco Ibáñez, with regard to their relation to the geographical and social environment of each one of those sections of Spain. The examples could be multiplied almost indefinitely.

There are two writers of modern Spain (we might say of present-day Spain, although one of them died in 1898), Angel Ganivet and Miguel de Unamuno, whom we read with interest always, even though their writings frequently produce in us most contradictory and disconcerting impressions. Each one of these two awakeners and disturbers of spirits, repeatedly, after a thought which entices and dominates, hurls upon the reader a shower of paradoxes, confusing or pueril. Other times they appear to open before us that gilded and luminous door of the spirit beyond which are no limits or boundaries—where everything belongs to everyone, as seen from a height to which one can arrive only at the end of a titanic and purifying endeavor; and immediately afterward, from the depth of the ideas, and from the depth or the surface of the words of one or the other, there comes to us an asphyxiating, strong scent of narrow provincialism. And we ask ourselves then if it can be worth while to continue taking these writers seriously. Curious as it may seem, invariably, the book re-

mains open before our eyes: so full of suggestions, surprises, of vibrant and profound spiritual life, are, in spite of everything, the productions of the authors of the *Idearium Español* and of the *Vida de Don Quijote y Sancho!* During a year of wanderings through Spanish territory, recently ended, numerous points of view and ideas of Angel Ganivet and Miguel de Unamuno, perhaps more than any other writers of Spain, seemed to interpose themselves between us and the things and people that attracted our attention, imbuing these realities with a more profound significance and life. And since the space allotted to us does not permit more, we shall limit ourselves to pointing out some ideas of Angel Ganivet on the life and evolution of cities, which we recalled with much frequency in our peregrinations through the old cities of Spain.

For Ganivet, a city is something organic, in constant evolution, progressive or regressive, according to the state of culture of its inhabitants. In order to be acquainted with the spirit of the people who inhabit it, it suffices to cast a few glances at the material part of the city, at the houses, streets, places of work and of recreation. Man, unconsciously, is molding, day after day, the environment in which he lives. "Because a city (*Granada la Bella*, pages 7 and 8) is in constant evolution, and imperceptibly is taking the character of the generations which pass. Without taking into account artificial and violent reforms, there is a reform, natural, slow, invisible, which is the result of the deeds which no one plans and which very few perceive. And here is where the hidden action of society as a whole determines transcendental transformations. One town without history, without personality, is changed into an artistic city and raises itself to an intellectual metropolis; another, of brilliant inheritance, showing many traces of nobility, degenerates into an ugly village, vulgar and common; and in this one as in that no one is to blame because everyone is to blame. How? By solving affairs of detail, like those which are solved every day in any city, in family reunions, in the café, in administrative centers." On page 6 of the same work of Ganivet we have already read: "Thus also a material city—the buildings—is more beautiful as the nobility and the distinction of the living city—the inhabitants—is greater. In order to embellish a city it is not sufficient to create a commission, to study reforms and form estimates; it is necessary to refine the public, to have aesthetic criticism, to have ideas."

These ideas, with others of the same author and concerning the

same subject, removed from the work of which they form a part, and placed at a distance from the reality which inspired them, represent to us possibly, something axiomatic and superficial, to which there is no reason for returning after having given it a passing glance. But when we believed them to have been forgotten for many years, on setting foot on Spanish soil, they come back to us, and through them we see our cities, which appear to open themselves before us and reveal to us secrets of their life and of the life of their inhabitants, vibrating in perfect harmony. It seemed as if the words of Ganivet had given to our eyes a clarity which permitted them to discover under the apparent superficialities of each city the essential secrets of its current of quiet or tumultuous life. And now, on reliving imaginatively our life then, and on recapitulating from afar the impressions of those months, our vision of Spain disconcerts and astonishes us because of the richness of tones and shades as well as for the tumult of energies and of clashing tendencies which dominate everywhere, even in the midst of the quiet of cities called traditional, which on first sight we should have believed still profoundly sleeping. And this note of rich variety within the Spanish boundaries does not limit itself to the regional diversity of which Cadalso speaks to us in his *Cartas Marruecas*, and to which national and foreign writers have been calling our attention for centuries. This exterior differentiation and this clash of spiritual currents, which combat each other and silently influence each other, we meet now not only in each region, but within the narrow limits of each city, and even in the bosom of small social groups. Such a spectacle leaves all of us perplexed for an instant. And before this somewhat chaotic ebullition, timid souls, partizans of external order and of quiet at all cost, make a revelatory gesture of pessimism, and among the rest there are not lacking those who believe that they have discovered in it the sign of realities full of promise for the near future. In any case the rhythm of Spanish life is already, wherever we cast our eyes, very far from the monotonous repose which, according to lovers of generalizations, characterized all the aspects of our life for a few centuries.

And ever hand in hand with Angel Ganivet, figuratively speaking, we continue our peregrination—in imagination and memory now—through Spanish cities. Cities which still seem to reflect the past, with nostalgia, expecting all from it, and which appear to nourish themselves even yet from a vein, weak and hidden, of the rich spring which gave them life in the past; everything seems in

them to oppose the present and to palpitate in harmony with an ideal which was and which they persist in making us believe exists and will exist always. But in those cities which at first sight appear to reveal to us a perfect harmony, an impulse and a direction born and sustained by the rich source of tradition, we are not long in discovering, on glancing around us, something which disconcerts us and makes us doubt; the sordidness and neglect which make a famous spot ugly, the unhappy addition which breaks the harmony of a building, along with other disturbing symptoms, make us think that, perhaps, those persons are mistaken when they consider themselves definers and guardians of tradition, and that this tradition—at least as those persons conceive it—perhaps has no longer a creative substance. And in these same ancient cities, where the stones and the men continue speaking to us of tradition, we have perceived the muffled and violent ferment of energies, manifesting itself at times ugly and undisciplined, which constitutes a negation and a menace in regard to what these cities represent and symbolize . . . We pass through cities rich in intellectual life, where we perceive, we believe, that precisely the material creations of this intellectuality, so much praised, are something artificial and distorted, which reveal vanity and lack of creative power, while the common people in them and in the districts surrounding them, guided by necessity and by a mysterious, but infallible, instinct, continue creating beautifully and simply . . . We pass through places in which the people seem to have discovered the secrets of serenity and of beauty (of serenity in their gestures, in their words, in the total harmony of their lives; of beauty, in their habitations, in the objects which surround them, in the landscape which with their efforts has been transformed and recreated in a certain way), people before whom we feel ashamed for our superficiality and our disorientation . . . Our wanderings bring us also to other spots, where the climate, the landscape and the customs might serve as guides and inspiration for the civic buildings, and notwithstanding, the ostentatious vanity, ignorance and blindness of certain persons are erecting monstrosities which are in conflict with the environment in which they have been created, and disturb painfully those who go through life with the eyes of the body and of the soul open . . . And so, accompanied ever by the author of *Granada la Bella*, we continue exploring many other cities, and each one reveals to us something new, something different from the rest, within this great unity so rich in hues which constitutes the Spanish nation.

The same as the cities of Spain, guided by Angel Ganivet or Miguel de Unamuno, we could explore the souls, full of mysteries and contradictions, most of them, of the Spaniards of today. And we could see probably that, in spite of the many and notable changes which have been imposed on him by the social crisis and conflict of ideas in these last years, the Spaniard continues to be, at bottom, the same as he has always been, more fervid than thoughtful, needing a great faith in order to move and create, and that when he thinks or believes that he thinks, he infuses his ideas with a chaotic fire and impulse in which the creative and destructive forces clash and mingle, carrying him very far from the luminous serenity which accompanies the plenitude and maturity of thought, luminous serenity which for the real Spaniard has something of the coolness which predicts autumnal decay.

ANTONIO HERAS

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THREE POEMS BY ROSALIA DE CASTRO

DESERTED ROAD

White road, old road, stony, rough and narrow,
Where the arroyo bubbles smoothly underneath the trees,
Every passer stops a bit to pull your blackberries:

Fierce-faced sparrow,
Ownerless dog, mountain goat,
Hungry child in a tattered coat,
The tasty wild fruit brings them all
To brave the prickles of the zarzal.

White trail, forgotten road, once so full and gay!

To him who makes his way
Down the long path of life, on foot, alone,
Fairer you are
And pleasanter by far
Because you are deserted and brambly and unknown.

Rich folk, soft wheels, broad smooth street . . .
What should he do there with his bare feet?
They see him and they fear him, for they cannot forget
The sorry traveler, whose face is black with dust and sweat.

* * *

Hour follows hour, day follows day,
And so, between the sky and earth, that stay
Eternal watch-towers,
Life, like a rushing torrent,
Slips away.

Restore to the withered flower
Its perfume;
Of the waves that kiss the sand
And kissing die in spume
Catch the dim whispering, the faint
Harmony, and cast in bronze their plaint.

Ah the lost years!
Kindly delusion, black torment of pain,
Laughter and tears:
Where, O my soul,
Where does their lightest trace remain?

* * *

Swifter than lightning,
More winged than the wind,
The restless vagabonds who cannot bind
One instant their unending motion
Now stoop to plumb the depths of ocean,
And now they scale the loftiest heavenly heights.

Those bodiless and touchless creatures,
Strangely, multiply wrought,
Why do we call one thought rosy,
Another, a black thought?
They have no color, those
Invisible,
Eternal and invisible sovereigns of the soul.

Translated from the book *En las Orillas del Sar* by

S. G. MORLEY

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A PROPOS OF CORRECT PRONUNCIATIONS IN FRENCH

A RECENT article in the *Revue de France* (February 1, 1934), *Quelques Semaines chez Molière*, signed Jacques May, suggests to the writer some thinking, or rather re-thinking, concerning the question of correct pronunciations.

First of all, that a sharp distinction ought to be drawn between phonetics and pronunciation. Phonetics may provide means for correct pronunciation, but does not always guarantee the goods. Far from it: with astounding frequency are there occasions to point to a master of phonetics who offers shocking pronunciation, and very unusual is the case of Professor Osmond T. Robert, both a skilled phonetician and a magnificent pronouncer. So, let it be clearly understood that the question here is not of phonetics: let the people in the laboratories study the production of sounds and suggest the best ways of producing them; that the right sound can be produced will be presupposed; our problem is: Which, of the sounds at our disposal, ought to be used?

That on this point there is considerable discussion in many cases is shown by the existence of such books as Martinon's *Comment on prononce le français*, or by the question often raised: Which province or city can boast of the correct pronunciation? While several cities in France claim the latter distinction, Paris is usually given as having the most undisputed (and this is the reason why so many French people in the States hail from Paris . . . almost as many as there are Americans whose ancestors came on the Mayflower). But in Paris itself, the ultimate authorities are supposed to be the actors of the *Comédie Française*, the *Comédie* being a state institution just as the *Académie Française* is; with them is supposed to lie the right of decision in questions of pronunciation, as with the Academicians in questions of vocabulary and of style.

Now the article referred to above clearly confirms the opinion of those who maintain that *correct* means no more in pronunciation than it means in matters of vocabulary and even of style: that is correct which is usual; and what is usual varies, and varies more rapidly in pronunciation than in vocabulary. Parisian or not Parisian, to put on airs of "I know better" is out of place.

Here are some of the recent changes in the pronunciation of the *Comédie Française* mentioned by M. Jacques May:

In the first place, he observes that, while the *r* was given its "caractère énergique" by all the actors some thirty years ago, to-

day things have changed so much that "la dix-huitième lettre de notre alphabet" has almost vanished: "n'est plus qu'un souvenir, un fantôme, un zéphir;" it has "un air . . . éthéré"! Alone, Lambert, fils, le doyen, and one young man—neither of whom is immortal—still allow the letter to be heard.

Another observation concerns the disappearance of the double consonants in pronunciation. In the past generation they considered it correct at the *Comédie Française* to say, as written: "*une bal-lade*," "*com-mérage*," etc. Today the tendency is all the other way: "*balade*," "*comérage*."

Again, the *e muet*: "le petit *e* dont Silvain, avec tant de clairvoyance et de science passionnées, faisait si grand cas, joue rarement son rôle dans le concert des verbes et des substantifs." This reminds the writer of the plea made some thirty years ago by Brunetière in behalf of the mute *e*, "*Velouté*," that gave such mellowing effects to the French language as contrasted with Italian, which never ceases to be ringing. Here, however, there is involved more than a matter of changing fashion; namely, the rules of versification. The omission of the mute *e*, or demi-mute *e*, may not shock any one in the pronunciation of prose; but it *ought* to shock in poetry. Let us quote here a passage from the greatest authority today in those matters, Professor Meillet, of the *Collège de France*.

In *Les langues de l'Europe nouvelle* (1918, Chapter XV), he writes as follows on that point:

L'écriture ne fixe la prononciation que d'une manière partielle. Si un écrivain du XVII^e siècle entendait lire ses écrits par un moderne, il les reconnaîtrait à peine. Pour déclamer un vers français classique avec son rythme correct, il faut se servir d'une prononciation tout autre que la prononciation courante, prononcer beaucoup d' *e* muets qu'on a maintenant l'habitude d'omettre . . . Les comédiens qui récitent des vers classiques les disent en grande partie faux. A la Comédie Française ou à l'Odéon, pour jouer les pièces en vers, on use d'un compromis entre la prononciation ancienne exigée par les vers et la prononciation moderne attendue par les auditeurs; ce compromis est le plus souvent intolérable à qui sait ce que c'est qu'un vers français classique.

Quite a striking case is that of the nasal sounds *on* and *un*, which seem to have, of late, changed in quality; the first, *on*, is becoming *en*: *en le rencontrant* becomes *en le renquant*, and *ombrage* becomes *embrage*; the second, *un*, is changed into *in*—as in some provincial dialects: "*Cléopâtre confessant son humilité se déclare aimble*"; and one hears: *in amour*, *in père*, *in mot*, *in*

songe. Amusingly, the author of the article in the *Revue de France* recalls a Stratonice reciting Corneille's lines thus:

*In méchant, in infâme, in rebelle, in perfide,
In traître, in scélérat, in lâche, in parricide,
.....
In sacrilège, impie, en in mot, in chrétien!*

M. May laments those changes. But except for the case of the mute *e* when poetry is concerned, there is really no reason for alarm, for the principle at the bottom of the whole matter is easy to discern. Some *swell* actor, or any eminent personality, launches let us say, the pronunciation *balade* instead of *bal-lade*, and . . . he is promptly imitated; but when this pronunciation has become that of the majority of the people, another *swell* person will surely come along and change again to *bal-lade* . . . just as an umbrella hat replaces a bedbug hat, and again a bedbug hat an umbrella hat. Or, possibly, an ace actor having difficulty in pronouncing the guttural *r* will hide the *r* under a *grasseyement*, as a certain queen is accused of having invented the crinoline in order to hide below her skirt the effects of her unpuritanic life; but later, another ace actor will come along who produces the *r* to perfection, and the *r-r-rolling r* comes to the top again. Some people in our generation remember the time when it was fashionable to say *Montagne* instead of *Montaigne*, and *Villon* like *ballon* instead of like *papillon*. Once enough pedants had adopted the fashion, return was made to the old ways—with chances for other pedants to reinstate *Montagne* and *Vil-ion*.

The reason why it may be useful to emphasize such trifles, is that the teaching of pronunciation in many of our schools takes up an amount of time out of proportion to other more fundamental things. The writer has been consulted often about teachers trying to get an engagement: almost always the decision was reached by the employer on the question of pronunciation; a candidate may have a good vocabulary, correct grammar and syntax, a fair command of literature—these count little; but pronunciation is a question of life and death. Now, since your correct pronunciation may no longer be correct before even your college course is over, why devote more time than necessary to such an elusive matter?

ALBERT SCHINZ

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ETERNAL VIGILANCE BEHOOVES US, TOO

SPURRED on by a drive for economy, people in charge of the curriculum in the school are subjecting every course of study to a searching analysis, in order to determine what course might be temporarily, if not permanently, dispensed with. To be sure, the value of this or that course in the curriculum cannot be accurately measured without very great difficulty. It would take many years of costly and careful research to ascertain whether courses studied in school are really of value years after graduation.

The present crisis in society has, on the whole, developed a questioning attitude on the part of many people. All social values are being scrutinized. Educational values especially are questioned in regard to those humanizing principles that will strike a common denominator among all civilized men. If the education of the past, men reason, was unable to prevent the political and economic upheavals of recent years, then there must be something wrong with those educational values. A definite change is felt to be needed if young men and women the world over are to be prepared for the good life here and now.

But while many countries are at present turning reactionary in matters of education, America is continuing to remain progressive. In the past there has been a decided influence of European education upon education in this country; but if the experiments now being carried on in America in this field are allowed to continue unimpeded, it is not unlikely that the world will benefit greatly from American education in the future.

Among these experiments modern foreign languages occupy a prominent place. While many people see the value of modern languages in our schools, there are some who question it. We subscribe to the views of Dr. F. T. Spaulding of the Harvard Graduate School of Education when he says: "America possesses a developing culture of her own . . . which is no less real and living than that of Europe, and which is not to be denied merely by calling it new or crass or materialistic . . . The truth is that the two cultures are different, serving different peoples in different surroundings, and not that the older is *ipso facto* superior to the other. And it is in the midst of the newer culture that the boys and girls in American high schools must be prepared to live."¹ But we argue that the modern foreign language can be made a

¹The Generalist's Case Against Modern Languages, *The French Review*, December, 1933.

medium for broadening the vision of American young people, complementing their cultural inheritance with contributions of the European cultures.

Nor must it be overlooked that the foreign languages now taught in our schools are not so foreign to a large percentage of the students, for these foreign languages are spoken in their homes by their parents and grandparents. Then again, the foreign nations whose languages are being taught here have left their mark on American civilization in art and science and literature.

In spite of the ever growing nationalism in the world today, those people who are looking at the world *sub specie aeternitatis* must agree that no nation can well afford to be self-sufficient, either economically or intellectually, and that if the world is ever to enjoy real peace, nations must gain a sympathetic understanding of each other's problems and aspirations. Of course much in this direction can be done in English, but no one can gain access to the spiritual storehouse of a nation's soul unless he is equipped with the vehicle of expression of that nation.

If language teaching is to become effective in the lives of American young people, then teachers of language must be awake to the researches carried on in their fields. If studies made by responsible groups of specialists reveal the fact that a small percentage of students reads the foreign language after graduation, then the center of gravity of language teaching must shift to training for reading and to developing reading habits at an early stage. If better textbooks appear, it is the duty of the language teacher to eliminate antiquated books and substitute new ones. We must not be afraid to change our values, once it has been proven by careful study that a change is necessary. No modern language teacher who is wide awake can well afford to be out of touch with the work being done by modern language associations and to disregard the literature on modern language pedagogy. A self-sufficient teacher is committing an injustice to his profession and to his students.

Language teaching must be revitalized and made dynamic if it is to exert a permanent influence for good in the lives of our young people. We must be alert and open to new ideas in modern language methodology. The way to prove that the study of language is valuable is not by words, but by actions. We will be judged by the results of our work.

What Dr. Franz Schneider of the University of California says about the position of the teacher in the liberal arts college may

well apply to the modern language teacher, both in high school and in college. He says: "His (the teacher's) business is to quicken the young under his care that they who have as yet nothing to hold or sell or lose will be imbued with a high will to treat their fellows fairly. The works of our artists, thinkers, sages are the best means to show the way . . . If a teacher in the liberal arts fails to give his students this sense and urge in whatever he discusses, if he is unable to distil from the literature, nay the very phenomenon of word and language, a glorious gleam, a lasting urge, a conscious spirituality, he is but sounding brass, for by his hardness or lack of resonance he kills the enthusiasm and spirit of the best among our youths who are society's hope and strength. He thus robs society of a precious means to further progress and to give whole generations yet unborn a sunnier day and a fuller life."²

Let us guard well the trust confided to our care!

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²From an article by Dr. Schneider on *The Liberal Arts College and the Course of Human Affairs*, about to be published.

POLITICAL REVIEWS

FRANCE

IF, during the first years of the world depression, France, because of her well-balanced economic organization, did not seem seriously affected, she has recently come in for an ample share of political trials and economic woes. Fortunately, she has, through her long dramatic history, weathered so many storms that one can look hopefully towards a successful solution of her present problems.

It would be superfluous to rehearse the events which have been minutely reported and frequently magnified by the daily press. We shall limit ourselves to a statement of the more recent developments and of the principles underlying them.

It must be admitted that the political situation in France is critical. On one hand, there is a growing tendency toward fascism or at least toward a greater concentration of power in the executive and a revision of the Constitution and, on the other hand, a determination of the liberal elements to resist by all possible means a conservative *coup d'état* threatening civil liberties. The problem is economic as well. The budget must be balanced. The Socialists wish to balance it by heavier taxation and inflation, the Conservatives by a reduction of state expenditure, — that is of salaries and pensions.

The situation might seem well-nigh hopeless were it not for the influence and prestige of Gaston Doumergue, the new Premier. Nearly all classes have been deeply moved by the patriotic example of that tried and venerable statesman and by his modest, conciliating, prayerful appeal for mutual forbearance and cooperation.

The February riots voiced a serious warning. Against the inefficiency and corruption of high government officials, Doumergue wishes to save democracy through adequate political reforms and through financial rehabilitation. Financial rehabilitation shall be brought about through the restoration of confidence, budget deflation and stability of currency.

Confidence is already returning. As for the budget, on April 5, the *Journal Officiel* published the first series of economy measures. The government employees are the first ones to be affected. Next come the war veterans. The veterans first declared that they would fight any attempt to reduce their compensations. Since then, they have expressed their willingness to make certain sacri-

fices for the common good. The government employees likewise have given up the idea of a general strike, but will express their dissatisfaction by public demonstrations on May first.

With these new decrees, France will enter an era of strict deflation. This is an experiment quite at variance with the American Recovery Program. It will be watched with great interest by the nations of the world.

Louis Germain, the Minister of Finance, rejoices that the franc has been saved from depreciation and currency stability secured. But foreign developments may violently upset these calculations. London fears that President Roosevelt is planning a fifty-cent dollar. Such a cut in the value of the dollar, bringing about a further depreciation of sterling, might force France to abandon the gold standard.

In any case, Premier Doumergue has already begun an energetic deflation campaign to reduce the high cost of living. This deflation in prices is necessary as a compensation for the sacrifices already demanded of government workers and war veterans.

In the field of international relations, the problem of disarmament remains acute. France continues to demand "a controlled reduction of armaments, progressively brought about, until equality of rights is obtained in a state of organized security." First, aggression must be forbidden. Then, if it occurs, it must be checked by the means provided by the League of Nations.

The rearmament of Germany has already taken place in a large measure, but it is a rearmament *de facto*, not *de jure*. It is still in violation of international agreements. France refuses to legalize it until satisfactory security has been obtained. She declines to discuss any further arms' limitation schemes except in Geneva. Louis Barthou, the energetic and veteran foreign minister, wishing to ascertain the attitude of Poland and of the Little Entente is making a tour of the allied capitals.

One of the new features of the disarmament discussion is that the growing demands of Germany for rearmament preoccupy Great Britain more and more. Downing Street did not seem particularly concerned as long as it was merely a question of land armaments but when Germany begins to manifest a growing interest in aerial armament, the British attitude is decidedly altered. England herself is beginning to speak of security and is asking France to support her plan for the neutralization of Belgium, Holland and Denmark as a protection against air raids. The *London Times* and *The Observer* now maintain that a plan of

disarmament is visionary unless security is guaranteed, that security is not assured by existing treaties, and that it shall be secured only if Great Britain makes common cause with France and Belgium.

Besides the disarmament problem, the one capital question remains for France and indeed for Europe, the Austrian question. Although France was in favor of a Danubian Confederation as against the *Anschluss*, there seems to be a growing sentiment in support of the Benes formula: an independent Austria whose territorial integrity would be guaranteed by Europe. The Czecho-Slovakian statesman bases his argument upon the conviction that an Austria under the protection or control of any one of the great powers, — Germany, Italy or France, — would mean everlasting unrest and rivalry in Central Europe, an unrest which would lead fatally to war, for all the other European problems are affected by the solution of the Austrian question.

The French were not a little astonished when they heard that Leon Trotzky had established headquarters in the peaceful, romantic art center of Barbizon, about seventeen miles from Paris. Violating his agreement with the government, he had apparently engaged in political activity. The Nationalist press declares that he has formed "neo-communist leagues" to foment "a general strike and civil war." Authorization to live in France has been withdrawn, but measures will be taken to protect him against the White Russians and safeguard his departure to distant lands.

France, recognizing the contribution of Russia towards the pacification of Europe, is ready to support her admission in the League of Nations. It is earnestly hoped that a way may be found to bring about Germany's return to the League, which she abruptly left last fall when her delegates charged that they were not given a fair deal in the disarmament negotiations. Geneva is the place where a genuine reconciliation between the European Powers should be effected to avoid a threatening catastrophe. Great Britain and Italy may take advantage of these developments to suggest a reorganization of the League to restore its prestige and invite an ever closer American participation.

PAUL PÉRIGORD

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GERMANY

The act passed by the Reichstag in January transferring the sovereign powers of the States to the Federal Government was followed on February 4th by two presidential decrees still further curtailing the powers of the States' governments. On February 14th the German Government promulgated a Bill abolishing the Reichsrat or Federal Council. General Göring in a speech at Potsdam maintained that, although the reformation of the Reich on Nazi regional lines meant the disappearance of Prussia as a geographical concept, its spirit would go marching on and would continue to govern Germany's destiny.

A great blow to free journalism was struck by the recent collapse of the *Vossische Zeitung*. The German press, as a whole, has inclined to greater independence of expression of late, and editorials have made suggestions to the government of things that need improving.

The new German Labor Code applying to industry the Nazi political "principle of leadership," which is to go into effect on May 1st, presents an interesting attempt to deal with the labor problem. It provides for the supervision and control of private initiative in business and industry by the State whenever necessary. The interests of the workers are to be protected through "Confidential Councils," "Trustees of Labor" and "Social Honor Courts."

On March 21st Chancellor Hitler made a speech in Bavaria in which he pointed to the reemployment of 2,700,000 workers in economic production as an outstanding achievement of the past year, and outlined his second year plan for the overcoming of unemployment. He also promised important measures for the reform of taxation for the fall. It is significant that Hitler's efforts have been of no avail against the constant lowering of wages. The problem of financing Germany's need of raw materials from abroad for the vast campaign against unemployment has brought the subject of finance into the foreground in Government as well as in other circles. In some quarters a policy of controlled inflation has even been advocated.

Judging by a speech made by Herr Schacht, the President of the Reichsbank, the greater activity of German industry indicated by the reduced unemployment figures seems to be confined to the requirements of domestic trade since, as he pointed out, German exports were scarcely more than two-fifths of what they were

three years ago. On April 14th Baron Konstantin von Neurath, the German Foreign Minister, according to whom Germany had abandoned the policy of economic self-sufficiency, declared that his nation would henceforth as far as possible buy her imports only from countries to which she can export.

Reichsbishop Müller on April 14th attempted to stem the rising tide of opposition to his Nazi church régime as evidenced for example by the recently formed free "Evangelical Synod of the Rhineland," by proclaiming amnesty for hundreds of pastors who had lost their posts for challenging his authority. According to a United Press report 600 Lutheran pastors had addressed a petition to the Pope asking for admission into the Roman Catholic Church.

With violent encounters between Nazi and Catholic youths in Germany and priests being sent to concentration camps there may be said to exist at present a latent and informal, but not as yet an open conflict between Berlin and the Vatican. On February 27th the Pope conferred the title of Papal Legate, which carries with it diplomatic immunity, upon Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich, one of the most outspoken critics of Nazi proceedings, who had urged Protestants to join Catholics in defending Christianity against Nazi "paganism."

Perhaps the greatest triumph to date of the Hitler régime is the Polish-German non-aggression pact which was ratified in Warsaw on February 24th. This among other things ends the tariff-war between Germany and Poland which has been going on since 1925. The "propaganda alliance" announced in Berlin two days later is probably unique in international affairs. This amity agreement, leaning as it does, on the Briand-Kellogg Pact, is probably intended as a further demonstration of Germany's frequently asserted love of peace.

The German Disarmament Memorandum in reply to the French Memorandum of February 14th was published on Sunday, March 18th. The note states that under no circumstances will Germany assent to a continuance of the restrictions imposed by the Treaty of Versailles. It does not agree with France that the Nazi party's Storm Troops are military formations. Germany accepts the principle of the control of armaments on condition that it is international and equally binding on all nations.

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SPAIN

As we write this review, the news arrive from Spain of the resignation of the Lerroux government. Another resignation took place at the beginning of March, when, as a consequence of the disagreement within the cabinet itself with respect to the general policy of the Lerroux government, a new readjustment of the Ministry was necessary.

Imposed as a more or less necessary solution, in view of the results of the November general election, the Lerroux government was never able, during the four months that it lasted, to define and affirm itself as an independent, strong, and stable government. Rather than to put into practice any definite program, its main business was to try to keep itself in power. There may have been several reasons for this, among which one, at least, should be mentioned here as particularly pertinent, inasmuch as it helps to understand much of what is going on today in Spain. We refer to the general political situation itself.

Briefly, it all may be boiled down to the simple fact that there is no party with power enough to assume political and social leadership. The November general election, which might have solved this problem, only made it more complex and difficult. As a consequence, today the Cortes is composed merely of a series of minority parties, so much so that not even the grouping-together of all the several parties of either the Left, Right or Center is enough to give any of these groups a parliamentary majority. Added to this there is, as inspired by the very nature of the questions involved (religious, economic), the more than normal opposition between Rights and Lefts. It was precisely because of this that the Radical party, of which Lerroux is the leader, was given the task of forming a government, the Radical party being the strongest Center party and thus somewhat holding the balance between the two extreme opponents. The Radical party, however, being also a minority, it was evident from the beginning that only by gaining the support of either one or the other of these two opponents could it keep itself in power.

This, however, was no easy matter. From the outset, any idea of co-operation between the Left and Lerroux Radical party was out of the question. The reaction against the policies of the Left parties at the November election, to say nothing of the political and even personal opposition between these parties, on the one hand, and Lerroux and his Radical party, on the other hand, made such co-operation impossible. All that Lerroux could expect, there-

fore, was to try to govern with the help of the Right. This, however, was like avoiding Scylla only to run into Carybdis. Any support from the Right side would have to be bought at the expense of submitting to the policies which the parties in question, or the strongest of them, are supposed to represent: something, therefore, that would have deprived the Radical party and the Lerroux government that represented it of all initiative and all independence. Thus, although Lerroux himself comprised with these parties as much as he could (and probably more than he should have), even at the risk of displeasing a number of his followers and thus endangering the unity of his own Radical party, he never succeeded in being the master of his own destiny, nor was he able to develop anything resembling a constructive program.

This being the situation, it is difficult to see what the solution may be. To succeed Lerroux, señor Ricardo Samper, also of the Radical party and minister of Industry and Commerce in the last Lerroux cabinet, has been given the task of forming a new government. It is doubtful, however, whether this can be considered as more than a purely transitory solution. Maybe, after all, it will be necessary to dissolve the present Cortes and call another election in the near future.

As against the piecemeal division of the political system just referred to, it is interesting now to notice the tendency among certain of the parties of the Left to constitute themselves into a larger political organization, so as to be in a better position to fight successfully the Rights. We refer particularly to the recent merging of three of these parties—Independent Radical Socialists, the Orga, and *Acción Republicana*—into the new Left Republican party, under the able leadership of señor Azaña. There is no doubt that the very presence in the Cortes of such a numerous representation of the Rights as resulted at the November election, is acting as a powerful influence in fostering the tendency among the groups of the Left to better organize themselves.

Although Fascism is not, as yet, particularly strong in Spain, several times during the last few months it indicated its presence by bloody clashes, among the student body of the Universities as well as in the streets. Here, however, it would be difficult to know exactly where to draw the line between the ranks of the groups of the Right and those of the Fascists.

CÉSAR BARJA

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REVIEWS

Academic Illusions in the Field of Letters and the Arts. By Martin Schütze. (University of Chicago Press, 1933. 341 pp. \$3.00.)

The book consists of two parts. The first is a critical survey of the traditional theories of the academic study of letters and the arts, while the second is an exposition of the author's own theory. In the first part he finds that all the traditional theories come under two heads, namely, that of speculative rationalism which he defines as dialectic absolutism, and that of factualism, the modern phase of which he traces back to Scherer. His own theory as developed in the second part rests on the following basic assumption: A work of art represents an integral unity. All its parts are integral, i. e., are inseparably woven into the texture of the whole and can be understood only through the whole. No elements of the outer world can be brought into a direct relationship to parts of a work of art, but only to the whole, and through the whole to the parts. In other words, the integral character of a work of art is not the result of a summation of a set of facts or concepts; it is inherent in each element. The elements or parts of a work of art are called by the somewhat intimidating term "integral variables" as opposed to "constants." The meaning of "constants" and "integral variables" can best be understood by an example. Chapter VII offers a simple, lucid example of the difference between "constants" and "integral variables." In an analysis of Goethe's *Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh*, Mr. Schütze shows that the meaning and the content of the poem is not made by the actual geographical, meteorological, botanical, zoölogical conditions of the scene, but by the intrinsic relations of the scene to a central, unifying state of mind. The objective facts which might be recorded with a fair degree of literal exactness by means of drawings and other objective records are the constants. Constants, then, are the objective data of the actual event, but are not the essential constituents of the poetic meaning. The true poetic elements are more vital and important. They include mental experiences based on the above data, but mental experiences interwoven with innumerable and irrecoverable other data of perception, of reflection, of feeling and imagination, of a thousand memories, desires, and hopes. Such elements are assembled, modified, interrelated, integrated in thought, feeling, and verbal expression by the selective and constructive vision of Goethe's genius. This whole of vision and its parts, this integral unity which cannot be reduced to constants of external fact, is an integral variable. The work of art, therefore, contains the poetic meaning and is the only source of arriving at this meaning.

The book gives numerous and careful applications of this principle to a large number of fundamental problems in literature and the arts as well as the methods of academic teaching and research. Of the many subjects to which this principle is applied in detail, only the following can be mentioned here: The relation between experience and meaning (*Erlebnis und Dichtung*); the relations between content and form; the significance of personality; the relations between literature and cultural environment; the fundamental psychological implications of the conception of a work of art and of personality as unities which are irreducible to objective constants; the fundamental principles which should govern the objectives and the technique of instruction and research in the humanities.

Professor John Dewey concludes his review published in the *New Republic* of August 16, 1933, as follows: "Mr. Schütze "has had the courage to show what the adoption of his theory would signify for the university teaching of literature. His challenge deserves to be taken up. The extent to which it may become the starting point of a reconsideration of the whole subject seems to me to offer a fair measure of the vitality of intelligence in the university quarter."

PETER HAGBOLDT

University of Chicago

The Themes of Magic in Nineteenth Century French Fiction. By Emile Cailliet, translation by Lorraine Havens. (Paris, Presses Universitaires, 1933. 230 pp. 40 francs.)

"It is one of our firmest convictions," writes the professor of French at Scripps College, "that literary criticism, having already become enriched by contact with many scientific disciplines, may find a source of new possibilities in the teachings of contemporary ethnology." The author of *La Prohibition de l'occulte* states that magic "In essence, . . . is an expression of man's individualistic experience of mystery, and of the impressions and reactions it produces in him." His first concern is with modern interest in magic in general, since it implies a distinct trend away from clear ideas toward a "prelogical" and "mystical" mentality, to borrow the terms made familiar by Professor Lévy-Bruhl. His second purpose is to extend our understanding of the many authors in the XIXth Century who have dabbled in this form of the supernatural, and lastly, to raise the important problem of the exploitation of documentation by art. A portion of his book reviews the relation of magic to an understanding of true exoticism and real insight into primitive mentalities.

One's first impression arouses an immense sense of gratitude for the completeness of this re-handling of the first-class writings of the century. Professor Cailliet's review of similar themes delights the lover of *La Peau de Chagrin*, *Jettatura* and *La Révolte des anges*. Above all, he has had the patience to check up on the accuracy with which this branch of fiction has made use of its source-books. Hence one can only hope that the American public will recognize the merits of this book, which would have greatly excited literary Paris had it been published in French. In case that the publication of the original French manuscript is contemplated, I would venture to suggest reference to the *Cahiers* of Maurice Barrès for possible indications of sources and relationship with Stanislas de Guaita. Further, Dr. René Dumesnil, in his recent study, *Guy de Maupassant*, adds somewhat to our knowledge of the author of the *Horla*, and might suggest the adoption of a new attitude toward this writer. Thus Dumesnil speaks of Maupassant's "obsessions" or better, his *sujets de prédilection*, of which fear is one, but remarks (p. 226), that the writing of *Le Horla* was something quite normal. "Le sujet, on le sait, lui fut donné par Léon Hennique. Il le traita en pleine santé d'esprit. Il utilisa sans doute à cet effet des souvenirs d'hallucinations éprouvées sous l'influence de l'éther. Mais cela est une chose, et la paralysie générale dont il devait mourir en est une autre. Si son état mental avait été celui de ses propres personnages, nous aurions, au lieu d'une oeuvre de génie, des écrits comme ceux qui, selon l'expression du Dr. Ladame, bizarres,

incohérents et franchement pathologiques, emplissent les tiroirs des aliénistes." But these lines were not in print when Professor Cailliet wrote his book. They have been quoted here for the sake of readers of the *Forum*, who all know *Le Horla*.

WILLIAM LEONARD SCHWARTZ

Stanford University

Manuel Azaña. (Profecías españolas.) By E. Giménez Caballero. (Madrid, 1932. 288 pp. 5 pesetas.)

Azaña. Sus ideas religiosas. Sus ideas políticas. El Hombre. By N. González Ruiz. (Madrid, 1932. 196 pp.)

These two books, written when Manuel Azaña was Premier and the most prominent figure in the Spanish Republic, present from very diverse points of view the complex nature of this last democrat. Since the fall of Azaña, the Spaniards have devoted themselves once again to civil strife between Rights and Lefts and now any attempt to govern the young Republic according to democratic practices is likely to prove futile.

Azaña—an intellectual, a cultivator of diverse literary genres, an orator of modern direct speech, a thinker practiced in iron-clad logic, rather a cultivator of political antipathy and enmity than of sympathy and comradeship—is not at all the traditional type of Spanish politician, and all his measures toward renovation and profound change in the panorama of Spain, are to perish perforce in the hands of whoever may obtain the government—be they Rights or Lefts—after the present interregnum.

The two books are written by good journalists, who have accurately discerned several peculiar traits of Azaña, basing themselves principally upon the books and speeches of the portrayed personage himself. Giménez Caballero's book, more original in its appraisals than that of González Ruiz, does not confine itself merely to tracing the figure of Azaña, but gives us rather a general vision of the republican government and of Azaña's collaborators and enemies; its independence of criterion is quite praiseworthy. González Ruiz's book, on the contrary, although trying to maintain a cold objectivity, is the critical expression of a man of the Right judging a man of the Left; it is not strange, therefore, that the argumentation should be somewhat unjust and impassioned.

The two books may well serve as a basis for the future biographer of Azaña, but they are not, nor could they pretend to be, the last word on the most discussed politician in the Republic; the general belief that the era of Azaña is definitely closed, may turn out to be erroneous as the result of unexpected changes in trend of the people.

A. G. SOLALINDE

University of Wisconsin

San Manuel Bueno, mártir y tres historias más. By Miguel de Unamuno. (Madrid, Espasa-Calpe, 1933. 5 pesetas.)

The volume contains four stories. The first and the one which gives its name to the book was published in *La novela de hoy* in 1931. The second and third are new in the sense of being inedited. These three were written in the year 1930. The last appeared in 1911. The four tales are sufficiently different among themselves to require separate consideration.

San Manuel Bueno, mártir is a very beautiful story, which in some sort may be said to epitomize Unamuno's position with regard to orthodox religious belief. Manuel Bueno, a village priest, who devoted his whole life to fulfilling the spiritual needs of his people, encouraging them in their faith, sustaining and comforting them in trouble, striving to bring contentment and happiness into their lives, was, during all his adult years, an unbeliever. This circumstance, in a man of utter sincerity, as was Don Manuel, constituted a life-long spiritual tragedy. Seeing, as he did, that the religious faith which his own reason rejected brought strength and consolation into the lives of simpler and more naïve natures, he strove unceasingly to draw them into the church and to hold them there. The important thing was that they should be happy and nothing that he knew of could contribute more to bring this about than simple, trusting religious faith. That he, whose soul instinctively sought for the truth, should have to teach daily what he considered a lie, was a martyrdom which he faced with calm and cheerful resignation, though his spirit cried out "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Still, he comforted himself sometimes with the reflection "all religions are true which enable their believers to live more spiritually." He knows the old gibe that religion is the opium of the people but if that opium increases their happiness and helps them to bear the cross of life he would give it to them. Tolerance, charity and loving kindness are personified in Don Manuel and his beatification, though an unbeliever, carries no irony.

La novela de Don Sandalio, jugador de ajedrez, less successful than the foregoing, might be called a behavioristic novel. There is no plot and we know nothing of the single character except certain simple habits of his: he comes to the casino regularly at a certain hour, plays a certain number of games of chess, refuses to be drawn into conversation, speaks not at all except to say "check" when the progress of the game demands it, goes directly from the club to his house. We are told that a son of his dies, that he is jailed and subsequently dies in jail. What may be the existence of this man outside of the casino or what his life story is, is left entirely to the reader's imagination. It is a novel of personality and the reader is left to create that personality, a task which places an unusual demand upon his intelligence.

Un pobre hombre rico is the story of a man who took himself too seriously and lived a miserable, apprehensive life in consequence until, almost by accident he discovers that much of life is after all comic. Seeing it this way he is happy and contented enough. Unamuno clearly had in mind Pereda's *El buey suelto*, but gives the problem a very different treatment and solution. The circumstance that his tale is in some sense the obverse of the author's *El sentimiento trágico de la vida* will at once suggest itself.

Una historia de amor. Two young people have been engaged five years and the man is thoroughly bored with the affair. He does not want to admit the fact, so proposes an elopement, thinking the girl will refuse, which will give him a chance to break it off, but she accepts and there is nothing left but to go through with it. The elopement is a ghastly failure. The man breaks off the engagement and enters a monastery moved, really, by ambition rather than by religious vocation. The girl too takes religious vows. Years later, the man, now a famous preacher, delivers a sermon in the convent where his former sweetheart is. In the sermon, which is upon divine and

human love, he lets it be seen that he now loves the woman whom he had sacrificed to ambition. With the exception, perhaps, of the last, these stories are representative of the many-sided genius of Unamuno.

University of Kansas

ARTHUR L. OWEN

Stendhal. By Jules Marsan. (Paris, Editions des *Cahiers Libres*, 1932. 289 pp. 12 francs.)

"*Le Rouge et le Noir*" de *Stendhal*. By André LeBreton. (Paris, Mellottée, 1933. 326 pp. 20 francs.)

Of the studies on Henri Beyle-Stendhal these two are of foremost importance to us of the twentieth century who try to understand that curious individual. Both M. Marsan and M. LeBreton are astute and appreciative scholars and critics of Stendhal. The *Stendhal* of Jules Marsan is one of the best introductions to the life and works of Henri Beyle that have recently come off the press and especially for those of us on this side of the Atlantic who wish to get both a rapid and authentic insight of his life and works. In less than three hundred pages he introduces us to enough of the life of his subject as to give a very clear and intelligible idea of the personality and character of Stendhal. The *Rouge* as his objective, M. Marsan builds up bit by bit the formative years in Grenoble, the apprenticeship in Paris, Stendhal's life in the army and as a government employee, his contacts with the *monde*, his reactions to it, in fact all the experiences contributing to his mature attitude towards the world and man expressed in the *Rouge*. Two long chapters of the book are devoted to that work and he closes with two shorter ones disposing of Stendhal's other works, the *Chartreuse de Parme*, *Lucien Leuwen*, *Lamiel*.

The second title, one of the very late ones in that, for the most part, excellent series, *Les Chefs-d'oeuvre de la littérature expliqués*, adds another important volume to the ever increasing bibliography on Stendhal. Unlike many others this volume is not to be overlooked or passed up lightly by either the scholar, pedagogue or dilettante—least of all, by the latter—since much useful and intelligently quotable material can be picked up at the expense of just a few hours interesting reading.

After a scant hundred pages devoted to necessary information about the times, the life of Stendhal up to 1829, and the preparation of the manuscript, M. LeBreton presents an excellent and minute analysis of the plot of the *Rouge* and the character in this, the most significant and forceful novel of Stendhal. In the beginning the feeling is that the author is perhaps not very sympathetic, but by the end one feels that he is only too sympathetic. In spite of the shortcomings that many attribute to M. LeBreton, justice certainly prevails in this volume, and his appreciation of Stendhal, the man and the author is, for the most part, sane and sincere. To the serious student of Stendhal, he offers little that is original, but to the casual reader, to the university student, to the person who wishes to read the *Rouge* sympathetically and understandingly without the laborious and tedious effort of scanning the many volumes necessary to a complete understanding of it, this small volume recommends itself.

MYRON I. BARKER

University of California at Los Angeles

TEXT BOOKS

FRENCH

French Stories of the Past and Present. Edited by Clifford S. Parker. (Henry Holt and Company, 1933. 440 pp. \$1.00.)

Here is a French reader with a plan. It is definitely intended as an addition to the small number of books suited for the second semester of the third year in High School, and planned to afford a program of readings that review the major epochs in the history of the French nation. The reviewer believes that Parker has succeeded in both these objectives without having had recourse to any material of a sub-literary quality. The high school junior is in that period of adolescence which makes him impatient of the moralizing tale, so that he is not likely to be scandalized by certain incidents in Zola's *Jacques Damour*, whatever a teacher's opinion of the story may be.

Parker's texts cover the Middle Ages by three *fabliaux* modernized by Moréas like *Le Palefroi* and *Le Prêtre qui mangea les Mûres*; the *Ancien Régime* by Musset's *La Mouche*, a tale of Mme. de Pompadour; the Revolution with Balzac: *Un Episode sous la Terreur* and Bourget: *Le Carré d'orties*. Balzac's *Adieu* represents Napoleon's time, while the Third Empire is the background of G. Droz's *Jour de l'an en famille* and Maupassant's *Un Coup d'état*. The collection closes with Zola's *Odyssey of a Commune*, *Jacques Damour* and Duhamel's war-time meditation, *Dans la Vigne*. The reader of the stories is helped by asterisks marking the presence of explanatory notes which serve the purpose of giving a better insight into the historical background, though mere difficulties are also explained systematically.

WM. LEONARD SCHWARTZ

Stanford University

Medieval French Literature: Representative Selections in Modernized Versions. Edited by Thomas Rossman Palfrey and William Collar Holbrook. (New York, D. Appleton-Century Co., 1934. xii + 354 pp.)

This anthology contains sixty-one selections of medieval literature from the eleventh to the fifteenth century inclusive. All types are represented, except those of secondary importance, such as sermons and translations of the Bible. Each selection is complete in itself, and has been chosen because of its intrinsic value and elements which arouse the reader's interest. Explanations in direct, excellent French are given where needed to place the extract in its proper setting. Translations of Bédier, Tuffrau, Gautier, Clédat and fourteen others have been used, and the editors have themselves supplied good modern versions for about one-fifth of the book. In nearly all cases a short extract of the original Old French is given for comparison. Ample foot-notes explain difficulties in the text.

The purpose of the editors was to supply an anthology for the undergraduate "survey" course, to be used in conjunction with a history of French literature. If, for instance, the manual is Nitze and Dargan's *History of French Literature* (Holt), ample illustrations will be found in this anthology; if Lanson et Tuffrau's *Manuel illustré de la littérature française* (Hachette) is used, the book will not only be found to be sufficient, but will, also, furnish

interesting material not mentioned in the less extensive French manual. Hence, I think that this anthology will meet the needs of a class using any of the standard histories of French literature.

LAWRENCE M. RIDDLE

University of Southern California

Leçons vivantes avec nos amis français. By Grace B. Dobbs. (The Gregg Publishing Co., 1933. xvii + 140 pp. \$1.00.)

Monsieur Fogg aux Indes. Les Episodes indiens du "Tour du monde en 80 jours" (Jules Verne). Version simplifiée par S. H. Hopper. (The Gregg Publishing Co., 1933. x + 65 pp. \$0.48.)

Compiled to follow *Nos amis français* and the gramophone records which accompany it (J. J. Findlay), *Leçons vivantes* presents reading material, dialogues, games, exercises, etc., suitable for pupils who can understand and speak a little French, and who are ready for lessons on grammar points.

While the two books are intended to offer sufficient printed material for the first two years for the Junior High School level, *Monsieur Fogg aux Indes* could well be used as collateral reading or as a rapid reading text in the following year. It is one of the series of *Easy Fluent Readers* whose purpose is to stimulate interest in reading with a minimum of translation. The thirty-six short episodes, with marginal explanations in French, have been rephrased, in order to limit the introduction of new vocabulary, unfamiliar constructions and detailed descriptions. There are questionnaires on the story and exercises so arranged as to give a systematic grammar review.

First French Course for Seniors. By Harold F. Kynaston-Snell. (The Gregg Publishing Co., 1933. ix + 208 pp. \$1.00.)

An introductory course with grammatical exceptions, idioms and a wide vocabulary intentionally omitted. The objective is to provide, by the reading method, a minimum of material for general comprehension, every day conversational and business purposes. Each lesson is accompanied by exercises and questionnaires, with frequent *résumés* of vocabulary and grammar. A careful and intelligent study should give a foundation upon which to build for future study.

AURA D. HARDISON

University of Southern California

GERMAN

Wörterbuch zur deutschen Literatur. By Dr. Hans Röhl. Zweite völlig neubearbeitete und vermehrte Auflage durchgesehen und für die Vereinigten Staaten ergänzt von Arpad Steiner. (Johnson Publishing Company. 279 pp. \$3.00.)

The new and revised edition of Röhl's *Wörterbuch zur deutschen Literatur* is a most welcome reference work in the field of German literature. When the *Wörterbuch* appeared in 1921 it filled a long-felt need with its definitions of all forms of rhetorical and dramatic expression and its 1900 concise biographical and bibliographical notes varying from a few lines to a page in

length, covering the history of German literature from antiquity to modern times.

During the last decade two monumental literary lexicons have appeared: Merker-Stammler *Reallexikon der deutschen Literaturgeschichte*, 1925, 4 volumes; and Wilhelm Kosch, *Deutsches Literaturlexikon*, 1927, 2 volumes. These works have been consulted freely by the editors of the *Wörterbuch* with the result that the entire work has been rewritten and 800 new entries added.

The coöperation of the American editor to the work as a whole is acknowledged by Dr. Röhl, and specific credit is given him for American entries. Brief mention is made of six American journals in the field of Germanics: *Americana Germanica*, *German-American Annals*, *Germanic Review*, *German Quarterly*, *Journal of English and German Philology*, *Monatshefte für den deutschen Unterricht*. One-fourth of a column is devoted to Pennsylvania German and a half page to a survey of German-American literature. Sixteen American university professors are given four to eight lines each.

Apart from this rather inadequate treatment of the creative and scholarly contribution of America the *Wörterbuch zur deutschen Literatur* is an indispensable reference work for students of German literature.

Louis Ferdinand. By Fritz von Unruh. Edited by Kurt F. Reinhardt. (Oxford University Press, 1933. xiii + 178 pp. \$1.15.)

This is the first expressionistic drama to be edited for American schools. Professor Kurt F. Reinhardt has accomplished what for years has seemed impossible. By a few short omissions and slight alterations, by a brief but pertinent introduction, and by 26 pages of judiciously worded annotations, he has opened for our students a new literary and cultural world. "Some of the most poignant traits of German character and mentality" are revealed in this delineation of the tragic fate of the Prince of Prussia. Inspired by the gigantic figure of Napoleon, and obsessed with a living ideal, he betrays the very principle which he desires to uphold. Although written just prior to the World War, this drama previsions many of our post-war moral struggles and disillusionments. It is a most searching and sincere inquiry into the relations between the individual and the state of which he is a part.

The text of *Louis Ferdinand* is not too difficult for fourth year high school or third-semester college students. For those who are seeking real literary values it may be most highly recommended.

F. H. REINSCH

University of California at Los Angeles

SPANISH

A New Spanish Reader. By H. E. Ford and Juan Cano. (Henry Holt and Co., 1934. xiii + 264 + xxxvii pp.)

In this text the editors have made a successful attempt to produce a reader which would eliminate age discrepancy; that is, they have tried to present reading material compatible with the age of the pupil.

Nineteen stories from standard authors and sources are included in the collection. It is pleasing to note the inclusion of several stories by Narciso

Campillo. The stories have been simplified in treatment and vocabulary. This reduction process has been accomplished with the aid of graded word-lists and idiom lists. The vocabulary consists of a basic list of the 683 commonest words compiled from Buchanan's *A Graded Spanish Word Book*; in addition, some 300 words that could not be omitted or replaced; and finally a few words whose meanings may be deduced from words in the basic list.

The book is designed for the Direct Reading Method and can be begun as soon as the pupil has acquired a recognition knowledge of grammatical construction and forms. The four types of Exercises have been prepared also with the idea of facilitating an acquisition of a reading knowledge. The editors are careful to point out that a reading knowledge is not the only aim of language study, but might well be considered the first aim. Extensive use has been made of cognates and derived words.

With two or three exceptions the stories have not been used in textbooks before to the best of my knowledge. The adaptations have been well done and preserve the flavor of the original work.

It is gratifying to have a scientifically prepared reader with material that in literary value and content is commensurate with a mental age of fourteen to eighteen.

LAURENCE D. BAILIFF

University of California at Los Angeles

El Capitán Veneno. By Pedro A. de Alarcón. Edited by Hymen Alpern and José Martel. (Johnson Publishing Co., 1933. xiv + 199 pp. \$0.84.)

The present edition, prepared by Professors Hymen Alpern and José Martel, is a distinct departure from the multitude of reading texts for introductory courses, otherwise there would be no excuse for another edition of a work that already has been so many times edited. It consists of one hundred pages of reading text divided into short sections, each having at its beginning the new words found in the passage. Such notes as are found necessary are at the foot of the page instead of being segregated at the back of the book where students seldom bother to look for them, thus making an ideal text for the beginner.

The editors call their work "a new-type and simplified edition of the most popular Spanish novel used in American schools." Such a simplification of the text is found throughout, and the substitution of words of greater frequency has been attempted in order to make rapid reading by young students possible and enjoyable.

One of the most practical features of the book is the presentation, opposite the first page of the reading text, of a list of terminations and illustrations of Spanish and English cognates, which if carefully studied ought to make recognition of a large number of words almost instantaneous.

The short exercises following the text are delightfully free from the usual grammatical puzzles so commonly found in readers. The editors are agreed that "a reader should be used as a reader and not as a basis for grammatical dissection." Since rapid reading is the aim, the method employed seems very well adapted to its purpose, and both publishers and editors are to be congratulated on the consistency with which they have braved possible criticism in so daring an innovation.

WILLIAM F. RICE

University of Southern California

Los Malhechores del Bien. By Jacinto Benavente. Edited by Irving A. Leonard and Robert K. Spaulding. (The Macmillan Company, 1933. xxvii + 126 pp. \$1.00.)

Of the hundred odd plays written by Benavente only five are available for class-room use in our schools. It is regrettable that this well known playwright is not better represented in our text books. Of course, the difficulties involved in making an adequate selection from among so many of his plays are not few. Doctors Leonard and Spaulding have made a happy choice in *Los Malhechores del Bien*, since this two-act play, representative of Benavente's best period, combines the serious note, romance and a great deal of wit and good humor. It will, no doubt, prove of great interest and usefulness.

The editors have enriched the book with a thorough and very competent introduction, where the author's work is studied and his most important plays—even the recent ones—are analysed. Eight pages of notes clarify the outstanding difficulties of the text. The vocabulary is accurate and complete. The book is excellently printed (the only misprint noted was *Santa Rosia* for *Santa Russia*, xxiv, note 21). The superior quality and interest of the play combined with the unblemished presentation of pedagogical aids make of this text an excellent reading book for intermediate and advanced Spanish classes.

H. CORBATÓ

University of California at Los Angeles

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